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THE WORKS OF GILBERT PARKER

IMPERIAL EDITION

VOLUME

XVII

Sir Gilbert Parker

At eighteen years of age

GILBERT PARKER

EMBERS

A LOVER'S DIARY

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1916

A LOVER'S DIARY
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BY GILBERT PARKER

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INTRODUCTION

I HAD not intended that *Embers* should ever be given to the public, but friends whose judgment I respect have urged me to include it in the subscription edition at least, and with real reluctance I have consented. It was a pleasure to me to have one piece of work of mine which made no bid for pence or praise; but if that is a kind of selfishness, perhaps unnecessary, since no one may wish to read the verses, I will now free myself from any chance of reproach. This much I will say to soothe away my own compunctions, that the book will only make the bid for popularity or consideration with near a score of others, and not separately, and that my responsibility is thus modified. The preface to *Embers* says all that need be said about a collection which is, on the whole, merely a book of youth and memory and impressionism in verse. At least it was all spontaneous; it was not made to order on any page of it, and it is the handful left from very many handfuls destroyed. Since the first edition (intended only for my personal friends) was published I have written "Rosleen," "Where Shall We Betake Us?" "Granada," "Mary Callaghan and Me," "The Crowning" (on the Coronation of King Edward VII), the fragment "Kildare" and "I Heard the Desert Calling"; and I have also included others like "The Tall Dakoon" and "The Red Patrol," written over twenty years ago. "Mary Callaghan and Me" has been set to music by Mr. Max Müller, and has made many friends, and "The Crowning" was the Coronation ode of *The People*, which gave a prize, too ample I think, for the best musical setting of the lines. Many of the other pieces in *Embers* have been set to music by distinguished composers

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like Sir Edward Elgar, who has made a song-cycle of several, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mrs. Amy Woodforde Finden, Robert Somerville, and others. The first to have musical setting was "You'll Travel Far and Wide," to which in 1895 Mr. Arthur Foote gave fame as "An Irish Folk Song." Like "O Flower of All the World," by Mrs. Amy Woodforde Finden, it has had a world of admirers, and such singers as Mrs. Henschel helped to make Mr. Foote's music loved by thousands, and conferred something more than an ephemeral acceptance of the author's words.

A Lover's Diary has not the same modest history as *Embers*. As far back as 1894 it was given to the public without any apology or excuse, but I have been apologising for it ever since, in one way—without avail. I wished that at least one-fifth of it had not been published; but my apology was never heard till now as I withdraw from this edition of *A Lover's Diary* some twenty-five sonnets representing fully one-fifth of the original edition. As it now stands the faint thread of narrative is more distinct, and redundancy of sentiment and words is modified to some extent at any rate. Such material story as there is, apart from the spiritual history embodied in the sonnets, seems more visible now, and the reader has a clearer revelation of a young, aspiring, candid mind shadowed by stern conventions of thought, dogma, and formula, but breaking loose from the environment which smothered it. The price it pays for the revelation is a hopeless love informed by temptation, but lifted away from ruinous elements by self-renunciation, to end with the inevitable parting, poignant and permanent, a task of the soul finished and the toll of the journey of understanding paid.

The six sonnets in italics, beginning with *The Bride*, and ending with *Annunciation*, have nothing to do with the story further than to show two phases of the youth's mind before it was shaken by speculation, plunged into the sadness of doubt and apprehension, and before it had found the love which was to re-

veal it to itself, transform the character, and give new impulse and direction to personal force and individual sense. These were written when I was twenty and twenty-one years of age, and the sonnet sequence of *A Lover's Diary* was begun when I was twenty-three. They were continued over seven years in varying quantity. Sometimes two or three were written in a week, and then no more would be written for several weeks or maybe months, and it is clearly to be seen from the text, from the change in style, and above all in the nature of the thought that between *The Darkened Way*, which ends one epoch, and *Reunited*, which begins another and the last epoch, were intervening years.

The sonnet which begins the book and particularly that which ends the book have been very widely quoted, and *Envoy* has been set to music by more than one celebrated musician. Whatever the monotony of a sonnet sequence (and it is a form which I should not have chosen if I had been older and wiser) there has been a continuous, if limited, demand for the little book. As Edmund Clarence Stedman said in a review, it was a book which had to be written. It was an impulse, a vision, and a revealing, and, in his own words in a letter to me, "It was to be done whether you willed it or no, and there it is a truthful thing of which you shall be glad in spite of what you say."

These last words of the great critic were in response to the sudden repentance and despair I felt after Messrs. Stone and Kimball had published the book in exquisite form with a beautiful frontispiece by Will H. Low. In any case, it is now too late to try and disabuse the minds of those who care for the little piece of artistry, and since 1894, when it was published, I have matured sufficiently in life's academy not to be too unduly sensitive either as to the merit or demerit of my work. There is, after all, an unlovable kind of vanity in acute self-criticism—as though it mattered deeply to the world whether one ever wrote anything; or, having written, as though it mattered to the world enough to stir it in its course by one vibration. The world has

drunk deep of wonderful literature, and all that I can do is to make a small brew with a little flavour of my own; but it still could get on very well indeed with the old staple and matured vintages were I never to write at all.

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PROEM

AND the Angel said:
"What hast thou for all thy travail—
what dost thou bring with thee out
of the dust of the world?"

And the man answered:
"Behold, I bring one perfect yesterday!"

And the Angel questioned:
"Hast thou then no to-morrow?
Hast thou no hope?"

And the man replied:
"Who am I that I should hope?
Out of all my life I have been granted one
sheaf of memory."

And the Angel said:
"Is this all?"

And the man answered:
"Of all else was I robbed by the way:
but Memory was hidden safely
in my heart—the world found it not."

EMBERS

When thou comest to the safe tent of the good comrade, abide there till thy going forth with a stedfast mind; and if, at the hospitable fire, thou hast learned the secret of a heart, thou shalt keep it holy, as the North Wind the trouble of the Stars.

ROSLEEN

"She's the darlin' of the parish, she's the pride of Inniskillen;
'Twould make your heart lep up to see her trippin' down the glen;
There's not a lad of life and fame that wouldn't take her shillin'
And inlist inside her service—did ye hear her laughin' then?

Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that Clancy married?
Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so green!
And when the neighbours wandered home, I was the guest that tarried,
An hour plucked from Paradise—come back to me, Rosleen!

Across the seas, beyand the hills, by lovely Inniskillen,
The rigiment come marchin'—I hear the call once more:
Shure, a woman's but a woman—so I took the Sergeant's shillin',
For the pride o' me was hurted—shall I never see her more?

She turned her face away from me, and black as night
the land became;
Her eyes were jewels of the sky, the finest iver seen;
She left me for another lad, he was a lad of life and
fame,
And the heart of me was hurted—but there's none
that's like Rosleen!"

WILL YOU COME BACK HOME?

Will you come back home, where the young larks are
singin'?
The door is open wide, and the bells of Lynn are ringin';
There's a little lake I know,
And a boat you used to row
To the shore beyond that's quiet—will you come back
home?

Will you come back, darlin'? Never heed the pain and
blightin',
Never trouble that you're wounded, that you bear the
scars of fightin';
Here's the luck o' Heaven to you,
Here's the hand of love will brew you
The cup of peace—ah, darlin', will you come back
home?

MARY CALLAGHAN AND ME

It was as fine a churchful as you ever clapt an eye on;
Oh, the bells was ringin' gaily, and the sun was shinin' free;
There was singers, there was clargy—"Bless ye both," says Father Tryon—
They was weddin' Mary Callaghan and me.

There was gatherin' of women, there was hush upon the stairway,
There was whisperin' and smilin', but it was no place for me;
A little ship was comin' into harbour through the fairway—
It belongs to Mary Callaghan and me.

Shure, the longest day has endin', and the wildest storm has fallin'—
There's a young gossoon in yander, and he sits upon my knee;
There's a churchful for the christenin'—do you hear the imp a-callin'?
He's the pride of Mary Callaghan and me.

KILDARE

He's the man that killed Black Care,
  He's the pride of all Kildare;
Shure the devil takes his hat off whin he comes:
  'Tis the clargy bow before him,
  'Tis the women they adore him,
And the Lord Lieutenant orders out the drums—
  For his hangin', all the drums,
    All the drums!

YOU'LL TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE

You'll travel far and wide, dear, but you'll come back again,
You'll come back to your father and your mother in the glen,
Although we should be lyin' 'neath the heather grasses then—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

You'll see the icebergs sailin' along the wintry foam,
The white hair of the breakers, and the wild swans as they roam;
But you'll not forget the rowan beside your father's home—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

New friends will clasp your hand, dear, new faces on you smile;
You'll bide with them and love them, but you'll long for us the while;
For the word across the water, and the farewell by the stile—
For the true heart's here, my darlin'!

You'll hear the wild birds singin' beneath a brighter sky,
The roof-tree of your home, dear, it will be grand and high;

But you'll hunger for the hearthstone where, a child,
you used to lie—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

And when your foot is weary, and when your heart is
sore,
And you come back to the moor that spreads beyand
your father's door,
There'll be many an ancient comrade to greet you on
the shore—
At your comin' back, my darlin'!

Ah, the hillock cannot cover, and the grass it cannot
hide
The love that never changeth, whatever wind or tide;
And though you'll not be seein', we'll be standin' by
your side—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

O, there's no home like the old home, there's no pil-
low like the breast
You slumbered on in childhood, like a young bird in
the nest:
We are livin' still and waitin', and we're hopin' for the
best—
Ah, you're comin' back, my darlin'—comin' back!

FARCALLADEN RISE

Oh, it's down the long side of Farcalladen Rise,
With the knees pressing hard to the saddle, my men;
With the sparks from the hoofs giving light to the eyes,
And our hearts beating hard as we rode to the glen!

And it's back with the ring of the chain and the spur,
And it's back with the sun on the hill and the moor,
And it's back is the thought sets my pulses astir,—
But I'll never go back to Farcalladen more!

Oh, it's down the long side of Farcalladen Rise,
And it's swift as an arrow and straight as a spear,
And it's keen as the frost when the summer-time dies,
That we rode to the glen, and with never a fear.

And it's hey for the hedge, and it's hey for the wall,
And it's over the stream with an echoing cry;
And there's three fled for ever from old Donegal,
And there's two that have shown how bold Irishmen die!

For it's rest when the gallop is over, my men,
And it's here's to the lads that have ridden their last;
And it's here's to the lasses we leave in the glen,
With a smile for the future, a sigh for the past!

GIVE ME THE LIGHT HEART

Give me the light heart, Heaven above!
  Give me the hand of a friend,
Give me one high fine spirit to love,
  I'll abide my fate to the end:
I will help where I can, I will cherish my own,
Nor walk the steep way of the world alone.

WHERE SHALL WE BETAKE US?

"WHERE shall we betake us when the day's work is over?
(*Ah, red is the rose-bush in the lane.*)
Happy is the maid that knows the footstep of her lover—
(*Sing the song, the Eden song, again.*)
Who shall listen to us when black sorrow comes a-reaping?
(*See the young lark falling from the sky.*)
Happy is the man that has a true heart in his keeping—
True hearts flourish when the roses die."

NO MAN'S LAND

Oh, we have been a-maying, dear, beyond the city gates,
The little city set upon a hill;
And we have seen the jocund smile upon the lips of Fate,
And we have known the splendours of our will.

Oh, we have wandered far, my dear, and we have loved apace;
A little hut we built upon the sand,
The sun without to lighten it, within, your golden face,—
O happy dream, O happy No Man's Land!

The pleasant furniture of spring was set in all the fields,
And gay and wholesome were the herbs and flowers;
Our simple cloth of love was spread with all that nature yields,
And frugal only were the passing hours.

Oh, we have been a-maying, dear, we've left the world behind,
We've sung and danced and gossiped as we strayed;
And when within our little hut your fingers draw the blind,
We'll loiter by the fire that love has made.

AT SEA

Through the round window above, the deep palpable blue,
The wan bright moon, and the sweet stinging breath of the sea;
And below, in the shadows, thine eyes like stars,
And Love brooding low, and the warm white glory of thee.

Oh, soft was the song in my soul, and soft beyond thought were thy lips,
And thou wert mine own, and Eden reconquered was mine:
And the way that I go is the way of thy feet, and the breath that I breathe,
It hath being from thee and life from the life that is thine!

ATHENIAN

YOUR voice I knew, its cadences and thrill;
It stilled the tumult and the overthrow
When Athens trembled to the people's will;
I knew it—'twas a thousand years ago.

I see the fountains, and the gardens where
You sang the fury from the Satrap's brow;
I feel the quiver in the raptured air,
I heard it in the Athenian grove—I hear you now.

EYES LIKE THE SEA

Eyes like the sea, look up, the beacons brighten,
Home comes the sailor, home across the tide!
Back drifts the cloud, behold the heavens whiten,
The port of Love is open, he anchors at thy side.

UNDER THE CLIFF

The sands and the sea, and the white gulls fleeting,
The mist on the island, the cloud on the hill;
The song in my heart, and the old hope beating
Its life 'gainst the bars of thy will.

OPEN THY GATE

HERE in the highway without thy garden wall,
Here in the babel and the glare,
Sick for thy haven, O Sweet, to thee I call:
Open thy gate unto my prayer—
Open thy gate.

Cool is thy garden-plot, pleasant thy shade,
All things commend thee in thy place;
Dwelling on thy perfectness, O Sweet, I am afraid,
But, fearing, long to look upon thy face—
Open thy gate.

Over the ample globe, searching for thee,
Thee and thy garden have I come;
Ended my questing: no more, no more for me,
O Sweet, the pilgrim's sandals, call me home—
Open thy gate.

SUMMER IS COME

Summer is come; the corn is in the ear,
The haze is swimming where the beeches stand;
Summer is come, though winter months be here—
My love is summer passing through the land.

Summer is come; I hear the skylarks sing,
The honeysuckle flaunts it to the bees;
Summer is come, and 'tis not yet the spring—
My love is summer blessing all she sees.

Summer is come; I see an open door,
A sweet hand beckons, and I know
That, winter or summer, I shall go forth no more—
My heart is homing where her summer-roses grow.

O FLOWER OF ALL THE WORLD

O FLOWER of all the world, O flower of all,
The garden where thou dwellest is so fair,
Thou art so goodly, and so queenly tall,
Thy sweetness scatters sweetness everywhere,
O flower of all!

O flower of all the years, O flower of all,
A day beside thee is a day of days;
Thy voice is softer than the throstle's call,
There is not song enough to sing thy praise,
O flower of all!

O flower of all the years, O flower of all,
I seek thee in thy garden, and I dare
To love thee; and though my deserts be small,
Thou art the only flower I would wear,
O flower of all!

WAS IT SOME GOLDEN STAR?

Once in another land,
  Ages ago,
You were a queen, and I,
  I loved you so:
Where was it that we loved—
  Ah, do you know?

Was it some golden star
  Hot with romance?
Was it in Malabar,
  Italy, France?
Did we know Charlemagne,
  Dido, perchance?

But you were a queen, and I
  Fought for you then:
How did you honour me—
  More than all men!
Kissed me upon the lips;
  Kiss me again.

Have you forgotten it,
  All that we said?
I still remember though
  Ages have fled.
Whisper the word of life,—
  "Love is not dead."

I HEARD THE DESERT CALLING

I HEARD the desert calling, and my heart stood still—
There was winter in my world and in my heart;
A breath came from the mesa, and a message stirred my will,
And my soul and I arose up to depart.

I heard the desert calling, and I knew that over there
In an olive-sheltered garden where the mesquite grows,
Was a woman of the sunrise with the star-shine in her hair
And a beauty that the almond-blossom blows.

In the night-time when the ghost-trees glimmered in the moon,
Where the mesa by the water-course was spanned,
Her loveliness enwrapped me like the blessedness of June,
And all my life was thrilling in her hand.

I hear the desert calling, and my heart stands still—
There is summer in my world, and in my heart;
A breath comes from the mesa, and a will beyond my will
Binds my footsteps as I rise up to depart.

THE FORGOTTEN WORD

Once in the twilight of the Austrian hills,
A word came to me, wonderful and good;
If I had spoken it—that message of the stars—
Love would have filled thy blood;
Love would have sent thee pulsing to my arms,
Laughing with joy, thy heart a nestling bird:
An instant passed—it fled; and now I seek in vain
For that forgotten word.

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

What will this matter, dear, when you and I
Have left our sad world for some fairer sky?
What will it matter, dear, when, far apart,
We miss the touch of hand and beat of heart;
When one's at peace, while unto one is given
With lonely feet to walk the hills at even?
What will it matter that one fault more now
Brings clouds upon one eager mortal brow,
That one grace less is given to one poor soul,
When both drink from the last immortal bowl?
For fault and grace, dear love, when we go hence
Will find the same Eternal recompense.

THE COURIER STAR

Into a New World wandered I,
A strong vast realm afar;
And down the white peaks of its sky,
Beckoned my courier star.

It hailed me to mine ancient North,—
The meadows of the Pole;
It whistled my gay hunters forth,
It bugled in my soul.
On plateaux of the constant snow
I heard the meteors whir;
I saw the red wolves nor'ward go
From my low huts of fir.

The dun moose ran the deep ravine,
The musk-ox ranged the plain;
The hunter's song dripped in between
In notes of scarlet rain.

The land was mine: its lonely pride,
Its distant deep desires;
And I abode, as hunters bide,
With joy beside its fires.

Into a New World wandered I,
A world austere, sublime;

And unseen feet came sauntering by;
A voice with ardent chime
Rang down the idle lanes of sleep;
I waked: the night was still;
I saw my star its sentry keep
Along a southern hill.

O flaming star! my courier star!
My herald, fine and tall!
You gestured from your opal car,
I answered to that call.
I rose; the flumes of snow I trod,
I trailed to southward then;
I left behind the camps of God,
And sought the tents of men.

And where a princely face looked through
The curtains of the play
Of life, O star, you paused; I knew
The comrade of my day.
And good the trails that I have trod,
My courier star before;
And good the nor'land camps of God:
And though I lodge no more

Where stalwart deeds and dreams rejoice,
And gallant hunters roam,
Where I can hear your voice, your voice,
I drive the tent-peg home.

THE WORLD IN MAKING

When God was making the world,
(*Swift was the wind and white was the fire*)
The feet of His people danced the stars;
There was laughter and swinging bells,
And clanging iron and breaking breath,
The hammers of heaven making the hills,
The vales, on the anvils of God.
(*Wild is the fire and low is the wind*)

When God had finished the world,
(*Bright was the fire and sweet was the wind*)
Up from the valleys came song,
To answer the morning stars;
And the hand of man on the anvil rang,
His breath was big in his breast, his life
Beat strong 'gainst the walls of the world.
(*Glad is the wind and tall is the fire*)

HEW

None shall stand in the way of the lord,
The Lord of the Earth—of the rivers and trees,
Of the cattle and fields and vines:
Hew!
Here shall I build me my cedar home,
A city with gates, a road to the sea—
For I am the lord of the Earth:
Hew! Hew!
Hew and hew, and the sap of the tree
Shall be yours, and your bones shall be strong,
Shall be yours, and your heart shall rejoice,
Shall be yours, and the city be yours,
And the key of its gates be the key
Of the home where your little ones dwell.
Hew and be strong! Hew and rejoice!
For man is the lord of the Earth,
And God is the Lord over all.

O SON OF MAN

"Son of man, stand upon thy feet and I will speak to thee."

O SON of man, behold:
If thou shouldst stumble on the nameless trail,
The trail that no man rides,
Lift up thy heart,
Behold, O son of man, thou hast a helper near!

O son of man, take heed:
If thou shouldst fall upon the vacant plain,
The plain that no man loves,
Reach out thy hand,
Take heed, O son of man, strength shall be given thee!

O son of man, rejoice:
If thou art blinded even at the door,
The door of the Safe Tent,
Sing in thy heart,
Rejoice, O son of man, thy pilot leads thee home!

AT THE END OF THE WORLD

In the lodge of the Mother of Men,
In the land of Desire,
Are the embers of fire,
Are the ashes of those who return.
Who return to the world;
Who flame at the breath
Of the Mockers of Death.
O Sweet, we will voyage again
To the camp of Love's fire,
  Nevermore to return!

O love, by the light of thine eyes
We will fare over-sea;
We will be
As the silver-winged herons that rest
By the shallows,
The shallows of sapphire stone;
No more shall we wander alone.
As the foam to the shore
Is my spirit to thine,
And God's serfs as they fly,—
The Mockers of Death—
They will breathe on the embers of fire—
We shall live by that breath.
Sweet, thy heart to my heart,
As we journey afar,
  No more, nevermore, to return!

WAYFARERS

Why does the fire no longer burn?
(*I am so lonely*)
Why does the tent-door swing outward?
(*I have no home*)
Oh, let me breathe hard in your face!
(*I am so lonely*)
Oh, why do you shut your eyes to me?
(*I have no home*)

Let us make friends with the stars;
(*I am so lonely*)
Give me your hand, I will hold it;
(*I have no home*)
Let us go hunting together:
(*I am so lonely*)
We will sleep at God's camp to-night.
(*I have no home*)

THE RED PATROL

He stands in the porch of the World—
(*Why should the door be shut?*)
The grey wolf waits at his heel,
(*Why is the window barred?*)
Wild is the trail from the Kimash Hills,
The blight has fallen on bush and tree,
The choking earth has swallowed the streams,
Hungry and cold is the Red Patrol—
(*Why should the door be shut?*)
The Scarlet Hunter has come to bide—
(*Why is the window barred?*)

He waits at the threshold stone—
(*Why should the key-hole rust?*)
The eagle broods at his side,
(*Why should the blind be drawn?*)
Long has he watched and far has he called—
The lonely sentinel of the North—
"Who goes there?" to the wandering soul:
Heavy of heart is the Red Patrol—
(*Why should the key-hole rust?*)
The Scarlet Hunter is sick for home,
(*Why should the blind be drawn?*)

Heavy of heart is the Red Patrol—
(*Why should the key-hole rust?*)

The Scarlet Hunter is sick for home,
(*Why should the blind be drawn?*)
Hungry and cold is the Red Patrol—
(*Why should the door be shut?*)
The Scarlet Hunter has come to bide,
(*Why is the window barred?*)

THE YELLOW SWAN

In the flash of the singing dawn,
At the door of the Great One,
The joy of his lodge knelt down,
Knelt down, and her hair in the sun
Shone like showering dust,
And her eyes were as eyes of the fawn.
And she cried to her lord,
"O my lord, O my life,
From the desert I come;
From the hills of the Dawn."
And he lifted the curtain and said,
"Hast thou seen It, the Yellow Swan?"

And she lifted her head, and her eyes
Were as lights in the dark,
And her hands folded slow on her breast,
And her face was as one who has seen
The gods and the place where they dwell;
And she said, "Is it meet that I kneel,
That I kneel as I speak to my lord?"
And he answered her, "Nay, but to stand,
And to sit by my side;
But speak: thou has followed the trail,
Hast thou found It, the Yellow Swan?"

And she stood as a queen, and her voice
Was as one who hath seen the Hills,

The Hills of the Mighty Men,
And hath heard them cry in the night,
Hath heard them call in the dawn,
Hath seen It, the Yellow Swan.
And she said, "It is not for my lord";
And she murmured, "I cannot tell;
But my lord must go as I went,
And my lord must come as I came,
And my lord shall be wise."

And he cried in his wrath,
"What is thine, it is mine,
And thine eyes are my eyes,
Thou shalt speak of the Yellow Swan."
But she answered him, "Nay, though I die.
I have lain in the nest of the Swan,
I have heard, I have known;
When thine eyes too have seen,
When thine ears too have heard,
Thou shalt do with me then as thou wilt."

And he lifted his hand to strike,
And he straightened his spear to slay;
But a great light struck on his eyes,
And he heard the rushing of wings,
And his long spear fell from his hand,
And a terrible stillness came:
And when the spell passed from his eyes
He stood in his doorway alone,
And gone was the queen of his soul
And gone was the Yellow Swan.

THE HEART OF THE PIONEER

My dear love, she waits for me,
  None other my world is adorning;
My true love I come to thee,
  My dear, the white star of the morning.
Eagles, spread out your wings,—
  Behold where the red dawn is breaking!
Hark, 'tis my darling sings,
  The flowers, the song-birds, awaking—
See, where she comes to me,
  My love, ah, my dear love!

THE NORTH TRAIL

"Oh, where did you get them, the bonny, bonny roses
That blossom in your cheeks, and the morning in your eyes?"
"I got them on the North Trail, the road that never closes,
That widens to the seven gold gates of Paradise."
"O come, let us camp in the North Trail together,
With the night-fires lit and the tent-pegs down."

ALONE

O, O, THE winter wind, the North wind—
My snow-bird, where art thou gone?
O, O the wailing wind, the night wind—
The cold nest; I am alone.
O, O my snow-bird!

O, O, the waving sky, the white sky—
My snow-bird, thou fliest far;
O, O the eagle's cry, the wild cry—
My lost love, my lonely star.
O, O my snow-bird!

THE SCARLET HILLS

Brothers, we go to the Scarlet Hills—
(*Little gold sun, come out of the dawn.*)
There we will meet in the cedar groves—
(*Shining white dew, come down.*)
There is a bed where you sleep so sound,
The little good folk of the Hills will guard,
Till the morning wakes and your love comes home—
(*Fly away, heart, to the Scarlet Hills.*)

THE WOODSMAN LOVER

HIGH in a nest of the tam'rac tree,
Swing under, so free, and swing over;
Swing under the sun and swing over the world,
My snow-bird, my gay little lover—
My gay little lover, *don, don! . . . don, don!*

When the winter is done I will come back home,
To the nest swinging under and over,
Swinging under and over and waiting for me,
Your rover, my snow-bird, your lover—
My lover and rover, *don, don! . . . don, don!*

QUI VIVE

Qui vive !
Who is it cries in the dawn,
Cries when the stars go down?
Who is it comes through the mist,
The mist that is fine like lawn,
The mist like an angel's gown?
Who is it comes in the dawn?
Qui vive ! Qui vive ! in the dawn.

Qui vive !
Who is it passeth us by,
Still in the dawn and the mist—
Tall seigneur of the dawn,
A two-edged sword at his thigh,
A shield of gold at his wrist?
Who is it hurrieth by?
Qui vive ! Qui vive ! in the dawn.

Qui vive !
Who saileth into the morn,
Out of the wind of the dawn?
"Follow, oh, follow me on!"
Calleth a distant horn.
He is here—he is there—he is gone,
Tall seigneur of the dawn!
Qui vive ! Qui vive ! in the dawn.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

I

Children, the house is empty,
The house behind the tall hill;
Lonely and still is the empty house.
There is no face in the doorway,
There is no fire in the chimney—
Come and gather beside the gate,
Little Good Folk of the Scarlet Hills.

Where has the wild dog vanished?
Where has the swift foot gone?
Where is the hand that found the good fruit,
That made a garret of wholesome herbs?
Where is the voice that awoke the morn,
The tongue that defied the terrible beasts?
Come and listen beside the door,
Little Good Folk of the Scarlet Hills.

II

Sorrowful is the little house,
The little house by the winding stream;
All the laughter has died away
Out of the little house.

But down there come from the lofty hills
Footsteps and eyes agleam,
Bringing the laughter of yesterday
Into the little house,
By the winding stream and the hills.
Di ron, di ron, di ron-don !

III

What is there like to the cry of the bird
That sings in its nest in the lilac tree?
A voice the sweetest you ever have heard;
It is there, it is here, *ci, ci !*
It is there, it is here, it must roam and roam,
And wander from shore to shore,
Till I travel the hills and bring it home,
And enter and close my door—
Row along, row along home, *ci, ci !*

What is there like to the laughing star,
Far up from the lilac tree?
A face that's brighter and finer far;
It laughs and it shines, *ci, ci !*
It laughs and it shines, it must roam and roam,
And travel from shore to shore,
Till I get me forth and bring it home,
And house it within my door—
Row along, row along home, *ci, ci !*

SPINNING

Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!
The moon wheels full, and the tide flows high,
And your wedding-gown you must put it on
Ere the night hath no moon in the sky—
Gigoton, Mergaton, spin!

Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!
Your gown shall be stitched ere the old moon fade:
The age of a moon shall your hands spin on,
Or a wife in her shroud shall be laid—
Gigoton, Mergaton, spin!

Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!
The Little Good Folk the spell they have cast;
By your work well done while the moon hath shone,
Ye shall cleave unto joy at last—
Gigoton, Mergaton, spin!

FLY AWAY, MY HEART

"O TRAVELLER, see where the red sparks rise,"
(*Fly away, my heart, fly away*)
But dark is the mist in the traveller's eyes.
(*Fly away, my heart, fly away*)
"O traveller, see far down the gorge,
The crimson light from my father's forge—"
(*Fly away, my heart, fly away*)

"O traveller, hear how the anvils ring";
(*Fly away, my heart, fly away*)
But the traveller heard, ah, never a thing:
(*Fly away, my heart, fly away*)
"O traveller, loud do the bellows roar,
And my father waits by the smithy door—"
(*Fly away, my heart, fly away*)

"O traveller, see you thy true love's grace,"
(*Fly away, my heart, fly away*)
And now there is joy in the traveller's face:
(*Fly away, my heart, fly away*)
Oh, wild does he ride through the rain and mire,
To greet his love by the smithy fire—
(*Fly away, my heart, fly away*)

SUZON

O MEALMAN white, give me your daughter,
Oh, give her to me, your sweet Suzon!
O mealman dear, you can do no better,
For I have a château at Malmaison.

Black charcoalman, you shall not have her
She shall not marry you, my Suzon—
A bag of meal, and a sack of carbon!
Non, non, non, non, non, non, non, non!

Go look at your face, my *fanfaron,*
For my daughter and you would be night and day.
Non, non, non, non, non, non, non, non,
Not for your château at Malmaison;
Non, non, non, non, non, non, non, non,
You shall not marry her, my Suzon.

MY LITTLE TENDER HEART

My little tender heart,
O gai, vive le roi!
My little tender heart,
O gai, vive le roi!
'Tis for a grand baron,
Vive le roi, la reine!
'Tis for a grand baron,
Vive Napoléon!

My mother promised it,
O gai, vive le roi!
My mother promised it,
O gai, vive le roi!
To a gentleman of the king,
Vive le roi, la reine!
To a gentleman of the king,
Vive Napoléon!

Oh, say, where goes your love?
O gai, vive le roi!
Oh, say, where goes your love?
O gai, vive le roi!
He rides on a white horse,
Vive le roi, la reine!
He wears a silver sword,
Vive Napoléon!

Oh, grand to the war he goes,
O gai, vive le roi !
Oh, grand to the war he goes,
O gai, vive le roi !
Gold and silver he will bring,
Vive le roi, la reine !
And eke the daughter of a king—
Vive Napoléon !

THE MEN OF THE NORTH

They have wrestled their thews with the Arctic bear,
  With tireless moose they've trod;
They have drained heel-deep of a fighting air,
  And breasted the winds of God.
They have stretched their beds in the hummocked
    snow,
  They have set their teeth to the Pole;
With Death they have gamed it, throw for throw,
  And drunk with him bowl for bowl—
They are all for thee, O England!

In their birch canoes they have run cloud-high,
  On the crest of a nor'land storm;
They have soaked the sea, and have braved the sky,
  And laughed at the Conqueror Worm.
They reck not beast and they fear no man,
  They have trailed where the panther glides;
On the edge of a mountain barbican,
  They have tracked where the reindeer hides—
And these are for thee, O England!

They have freed your flag where the white Pole-Star
  Hangs out its auroral flame;
Where the bones of your Franklin's heroes are
  They have honoured your ancient name.

And, iron in blood and giant in girth,
They have stood for your title-deed
Of the infinite North, and your lordly worth,
And your pride and your ancient greed—
And for love of thee, O England!

THE CROWNING

A THOUSAND years of power,
A thousand marches done,
Lands beyond lands our dower,
Flag with no setting sun—
Now to the new King's sealing,
Come from the farthest seas,
Sons of the croft and sheiling,
Sons of the moor and leas—

Those that went from us, daring
The wastes and the wilds and the wood:
Hither they come to us, sharing
Our glory, the call of the blood;
Hither they come to the sealing—
They or the seed of them come,
Bring the new King the revealing
Of continents yesterday dumb.

Out on the veldt, in the pineland,
Camped by the spruit or the hill,
Pressing the grapes of the vineland,
Grinding the wheat at the mill,
Oracles whispered the message
Meant for the ear of the King—
Joyous and splendid the presage,
Lofty the vision they bring!

Each for his new land—he made it;
Each for the Old Land which gave
Treasure, that none should invade it,
Blood its high altars to lave;
Each for the brotherhood nations,
All of the nations for each:
Here giving thanks and oblations,
One in our blood and our speech,

Pledging our love and alliance,
Faith upon faith for the King,
Making no oath in defiance,
Crying, "No challenge we fling,"
Yet for the peace of all people,
Yet for the good of our own,
Here, with our prayers and oblations,
Pledge we our lives to the throne!

CLOSE UP

You heard the bugles calling, comrades, brothers,—
"Close up! Close up!" You mounted to go forth,
You answered "We are coming," and you gathered,
And paraded with your Captains in the North.

From here you came, from there you came, your voices
All flashing with your joy as flash the stars,
You waited, watched, until, the last one riding
Out of the night, came roll-call after wars.

Unsling your swords, off with your knapsacks, brothers!
We'll mess here at headquarters once again;
Drink and forget the scars; drink and remember
The joy of fighting and the pride of pain.

We will forget: the great game rustles by us,
The furtive world may whistle at the door,
We'll not go forth; we'll furlough here together—
Close up! Close up! 'Tis comrades evermore!

And Captains, our dear Captains, standing steady,
Aged with battle, but ever young with love,
Tramping the zones round, high have we hung your virtues,
Like shields along the wall of life, like armaments above:

Like shields your love, our Captains, like armaments
your virtues,
No rebel lives among us, we are yours;
The old command still holds us, the old flag is our one
flag,
We answer to a watchword that endures!

Close up, close up, my brothers! Lift your glasses,
Drink to our Captains, pledging ere we roam,
Far from the good land, the dear familiar faces,
The love of the old regiment at home!

W. E. H.

"Henley is dead!" Ah, but the sound and the sight
of him,
Buoyant, commanding, and strong, suffering, noble in
mind!
Gone, and no more shall we have any discourse or de-
light of him,
Wearing his pain like a song, casting his troubles be-
hind.

Gallant and fair! Feeling the soul and the ruth of
things,
Probing the wounds of the world, healing he brought
and surcease—
Laughter he gave, beauty to teach us the truth of
things,
Music to march to the fight, ballads for hours of peace.

Now it is done! Fearless the soul of him strove for
us,
Viking in blood and in soul, baring his face to the
rain,
Facing the storm he fared on, singing for England and
love of us,
On to the last corral where now he lies beaten and
slain.

Beaten and slain! Yes, but England hath heed of
him,
Singer of high degree, master of thought and of word—
She shall bear witness with tears, of the pride and the
loss and the need of him;
We shall measure the years by the voice and the song
unheard.

WHEN BLOWS THE WIND

When blows the wind and drives the sleet,
  And all the trees droop down;
When all the world is sad, 'tis meet
  Good company be known:
    And, in my heart, good company
    Sits by the fire and sings to me.

When warriors return, and one
  That went returns no more;
When dusty is the road we run,
  And garners have no store;
    One ingle-nook right warm shall be
    Where my heart hath good company.

When man shall flee and woman fail,
  And folly mock and hope deceive,
Let cowards beat the breast and wail,
  I'll homeward hie; I will not grieve:
    I'll curtains draw, I'll there set free
    My heart's beloved boon company.

When kings shall favour, ladies call
  My service to their side;
When roses grow upon the wall
  Of life, and love inside;
    I'll get me home with joy to be
    In my heart's own good company!

DOLLY

King Rufus he did hunt the deer,
With a hey ho, come and kiss me, Dolly!
It was the spring-time of the year—
Hey ho, Dolly shut her eyes!
King Rufus was a bully boy,
He hunted all the day for joy,
Sweet Dolly she was ever coy:
And who would e'er be wise
That looked in Dolly's eyes?

King Rufus he did have his day,
With a hey ho, come and kiss me, Dolly!
So get ye forth where dun deer play—
Hey ho, Dolly comes again!
The greenwood is the place for me,
For that is where the dun deer be,
And who would stay at home,
That might with Dolly roam?
Sing hey ho, come and kiss me, Dolly!

LIFE'S SWEET WAGES

Who would lie down and close his eyes
  While yet the lark sings o'er the dale?
Who would to Love make no replies,
  Nor drink the nut-brown ale,
While throbs the pulse, and full's the purse
  And all the world's for sale?

Though wintry blasts may prove unkind,
  When winter's past we do forget;
Love's breast in summer-time is kind,
And all's well while life's with us yet.
  Hey ho, now the lark is mating—
  Life's sweet wages are in waiting!

TO THE VALLEY

Come hither, oh come hither,
  There's a bride upon her bed;
They have strewn her o'er with roses,
  There are roses 'neath her head:
Life is love and tears and laughter,
  But the laughter it is dead—
Sing the way to the Valley, to the Valley—
  Hey, but the roses they are red!

THE LILY FLOWER

Oh, love, it is a lily flower,
(Sing, my captain, sing, my lady!)
The sword shall cleave it, Life shall leave it—
Who shall know the hour?
(Sing, my lady, still!)

LOVE IN HER COLD GRAVE LIES

Love in her cold grave lies,
But that is not my love:
My love hath constant eyes,
My love her life doth prove;
That love, the poorer, dies—
Ah, that is not my love!

Love in her cold grave lies,
But she will wake again;
With trembling feet will rise,
Will call this love in vain,
That she doth now despise—
Ah, love shall wake again!

GRANADA, GRANADA

GRANADA, Granada, thy gardens are gay,
And bright are thy stars, the high stars above;
  But as flowers that fade and are grey,
  But as dusk at the end of the day
Are ye to the light in the eyes of my love—
In the eyes, in the soul, of my love.

Granada, Granada, oh, when shall I see
My love in thy garden, there waiting for me!

Beloved, beloved, have pity and make
Not the sun shut its eyes, its hot envious eyes;
  And the world in the darkness of night,
  Be debtor to thee for its light.
Turn thy face, turn thy face from the skies
To the love, to the pain in my eyes.

Granada, Granada, oh, when shall I see
My love in thy garden, there waiting for me!

THE NEW APHRODITE

WHAT though the gods of the eld be dead,
  Here are the mountains of azure and snow,
Here are the valleys where loves are wed,
  And lilies in blow.

Here are the hands that are lucid, sweet,
  Wound at the wrist with an amber beading,
Folds of the seafoam to cover the feet,
  Mortals misleading.

Down to the opaline lips of the sea
  Wander the lost ones, fallen but mighty,
Stretching out hands, crying, "Turn unto me,
  O Aphrodite!"

See where they lift up their faces and scan,
  Over the wave-heaps, thy coming; despite thee,
Thou canst not fetter the soul of a man,
  O Aphrodite!

Nay, but our bodies we bend, and we give
  All that the heart hath, loving, not knowing
Whether the best is to die or to live,
  Coming or going.

We shall be taken, but thou shalt live on,
Swallowed in sea-drifts that never affright thee;
Smiling, thou'lt lift up thy sweet hands alone,
Ah, Aphrodite!

Over thy face is a veil of white sea-mist,
Only thine eyes shine like stars; bless or blight me,
I will hold close to the leash at thy wrist,
O Aphrodite!

Rosy and proud are the skies of the East,
Love-dowered moons to enswathe thee, delight thee:
Thy days and our days—are thine then the least,
O Aphrodite?

Thou in the East and I here in the West,
Under our newer skies purple and pleasant:
Who shall decide which is better, attest,
Saga or peasant?

Thou with Serapis, Osiris, and Isis,
I with Jehovah, in vapours and shadows;
Thou with the gods' joy-enhancing devices,
Sweet-smelling meadows.

What is there given us?—Food and some raiment,
Toiling to reach to a Patmian haven,
Giving up all for uncertain repayment,
Feeding the raven.

Striving to peer through the infinite azure,
Alternate turning to earthward and falling,
Measuring life with Damastian measure,
Finite, appalling.

What does it matter! They passed who with Homer
Poured out the wine at the feet of their idols:
Passing, what found they? To-come a misnomer,
It and their idols?

Who knows, ah, who knows! Here in this garden,
Heliotrope, hyacinth, soft suns to light me,
Leaning out, peering, thou, thou art my warden—
Thou, Aphrodite!

Up from the future of all things there come,
Marching abreast in their stately endeavour,
Races unborn, to the beat of the drum,
Of the Forever.

Resting not, beating down all the old traces,
Falls the light step of the new-coming nations,
Burning on altars of our loved graces,
Their new oblations.

What shall we know of it, we who have lifted
Up the dark veil, done sowing and reaping;
What shall we care if our burdens be shifted,
Waking or sleeping?

Sacristan, acolyte, player or preacher,
Each to his office, but who holds the key?
Death, only death, thou, the ultimate teacher,
Will show it to me.

I am, Thou art, and the strong-speaking Jesus,
One in the end of an infinite truth?—
Eyes of a prophet or sphinx may deceive us,
Bearing us ruth,

But when the forts and the barriers fall,
Shall we not find One, the true, the almighty,
Wisely to speak with the worst of us all,
O Aphrodite?

Waiting, I turn from the futile, the human,
Gone is the life of me, laughing with youth;
Steals to learn all in the face of a woman,
Mendicant Truth.

AN ANCIENT PLEDGE

Fair be the garden where their loves may dwell,
Safe be the highway where their feet may go;
Rich be the meadows where their hands may toil,
The fountains many where the good wines flow;
Full be their harvest bins with corn and oil,
And quick their hearts all wise delights to know;
To sorrow may their humour be a foil,
Tardy their footsteps to the gate Farewell.
Deep be your cups. Our hearts the gods make light:
Drink, that their joy may never know good-night!

THE TRIBUTE OF KING HATH

Oh, bring to me a cup of gold,
And bring a platter fair,
And summon forth my Captain old,
Who keeps the royal stair.

And fetch a stoup of that rare wine
That hailed my father's fame;
And bear some white bread from the shrine
Built to my mother's name.

Then, good my gentlemen, bring down
My robe of soft samite;
And let the royal horn be blown,
For we ride far to-night.

Within the pleasant Vale of Loe
Beside the Sea of Var,
The Daughter of our ancient foe
Dwells where her people are.

Tribute her fathers paid to mine—
Young prince to elder crown;
But for a jest 'twixt bread and wine,
They struck our banner down.

And we had foes from Blymar Hills,
From Gathan and Dagost,
And pirates from Bagol that spills
Its refuse on our coast.

And we were girded South and North;
And there beyond the Var,
They drove our goodly fighters forth,
And dimmed our ancient star.

Now they have passed us, home for home,
And matched us town for town;
Their daughters to our sons now come—
Our feud it weareth down.

Between their cups, the hill-men cry,
"The Lady of the Loe!"
The sea-kings swing their flags peak-high
Where'er her galleons go.

Once when the forge of battle sang
'Tween Varan and Thogeel;
And when ten thousand stirrups rang
'Twixt girth and bloody heel,

I saw her ride 'mid mirk and fire,
Unfearing din and death,
Her eyes upflaming like a pyre,
Her fearless smile beneath.

Nor'land 'gainst Southland then she drove,
A million serfs to free;
The reeking shuttle lifeward wove,
Through death from land to sea.

And perched upon the Hill of Zoom,
My gentlemen beside,
I saw the weft shake in the loom,
The revel blazon wide,

Until a thousand companies—
Serf-lords from out Thogeel—
Their broadswords brake across their knees,
Good captives to her steel.

And then I sware by name and crown,
And by the Holy Ghost,
When Peace should ride with pennon blown,
From Gathan to Dagost,

Unto her kingdom I should get,
And come not back again,
Until a queen's hand I had set
Upon my bridle rein.

Our ships now nestle at Her coast,
Her corn our garner fills;
And all is quiet at Dagost,
And on the Blymar Hills.

And I will do a deed to bind
An ancient love once more;—
My gentlemen shall ride behind,
My Captain on before;

And we will journey forth to-night
Towards the Sea of Var,
Until the vale shall come in sight,
Where Her great cities are.

And to the Daughter of that land,
Which once was kin to mine,
My Captain, he shall bear in hand
This sacred bread and wine.

And he shall show her soft and fair
This peace-spread sacrament:
Her banner it shall ride the air
Upon my Captain's tent.

And if the wine to lip she raise,
With morsel of my bread;
Then as we loved in ancient days,
These lands of ours shall wed.

But mine the tribute. I will bring
My homage to her door,
My gentlemen behind their king,
My Captain on before.

And we aslant will set our spears,
  Our good swords dipping free;
And we will ravel back the years
  For love of her and me.

And I will prove my faith in this
  As never king was proved—
For kings may fight for what they kiss,
  And die for what they loved!

But I will bring my court afar,
  My throne to hers shall go;
And I will reign beside the Var,
  And in the Vale of Loe.

The younger kingdom, it shall be
  The keeper of my crown;
And she, my queen, shall reign with me
  Within her own good town.

And men shall speak me kind, shall tell
  Her graces day and night:
So bring my steed that serves me well,
  My robe of soft samite,

And bring me here the cup of gold,
  And bring the platter fair,
And summon me my Captain old,
  That keeps the royal stair.

For well know I the way I go;
I follow but my star:
My home is in the Vale of Loe,
And by the Sea of Var.

THERE IS AN ORCHARD

THERE is an orchard beyond the sea,
And high is the orchard wall;
And ripe is the fruit in the orchard tree—
Oh, my love is fair and tall!

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
And joy to its haven hies;
And a white hand opens its gate to me—
Oh, deep are my true love's eyes!

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
Its flowers the brown bee sips;
But the stateliest flower is all for me—
Oh, sweet are my true love's lips!

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
Where the soft delights do roam;
To the Great Delight I have bent my knee—
Oh, good is my true love's home!

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
With a nest where the linnets hide;
Oh, warm is the nest that is built for me—
In my true love's heart I bide!

HEART OF THE WORLD

Heart of the World give heed,
  Tongues of the World be still!
The richest grapes of the vine shall bleed
  Till the greeting-cup shall spill;
The kine shall pause in the pleasant mead,
  The eagle upon the hill—
    Heart of the World give heed!

Heart of the World break forth,
  Tongues of the World proclaim!
There cometh a voice from out the North
  And a face of living flame—
A man's soul crying, Behold what worth
  Was life till her sweet soul came—
    Heart of the World break forth!

Heart of the World be strong,
  Tongues of the World be wise!
The White North glows with a morning song
  Or ever the red sun dies;
For Love is summer and Love is long,
  And the good God 's in his skies—
    Heart of the World be strong!

EPITAPHS

THE BEGGAR

Poor as a sparrow was I,
But I was saved like a king;
I heard the death-bells ring,
Yet I saw a light in the sky:
And now to my Father I wing.

THE MAID

A little while I saw the world go by—
A little doorway that I called my own,
A loaf, a cup of water, and a bed had I,
A shrine of Jesus, where I knelt alone:
And now, alone, I bid the world good-bye.

THE FOOL

I was a fool; nothing had I to know
Of men, and naught to men had I to give.
God gave me nothing; now to God I go,
Now ask for pain, for bread,
Life for my brain: dead,
By God's love I shall then begin to live.

THE FIGHTER

Blows I have struck, and blows a-many taken,
Wrestling I've fallen, and I've rose up again;
Mostly I've stood—
I've had good bone and blood;
Others went down though fighting might and main.
Now Death steps in,
Death the price of sin:
The fall it will be his; and though I strive and strain,
One blow will close my eyes, and I shall never waken.

THE SEA-REAPERS

When the Four Winds, the Wrestlers, strive with
the Sun,
When the Sun is slain in the dark;
When the stars burn out, and the night cries
To the blind sea-reapers, and they rise,
And the water-ways are stark—
God save us when the reapers reap!
When the ships sweep in with the tide to the shore,
And the little white boats return no more;
When the reapers reap,
Lord, give Thy sailors sleep,
If Thou cast us not upon the shore,
To bless Thee evermore:
To walk in Thy sight as heretofore,
Though the way of the Lord be steep!
By Thy grace,
Show Thy face,
Lord of the land and the deep!

THE WATCHER

As the wave to the shore, as the dew to the leaf,
As the breeze to the flower,
As the scent of a rose to the heart of a child,
As the rain to the dusty land—
My heart goeth out unto Thee—unto Thee!
The night is far spent and the day is at hand.

As the song of a bird to the call of a star,
As the sun to the eye,
As the anvil of man to the hammers of God,
As the snow to the earth—
Is my word unto Thy word—to Thy word!
The night is far spent and the day is at hand

THE WAKING

To be young is to dream, and I dreamed no more;
I had smothered my heart as the fighter can:
I toiled, and I looked not behind or before—
I was stone; but I waked with the heart of a man.

By the soul at her lips, by the light of her eyes,
I dreamed a new dream as the sleeper can,
That the heavenly folly of youth was wise—
I was stone; but I waked with the heart of a man.

She came like a song, she will go like a star:
I shall tread the hills as the hunter can,
Mine eyes to the hunt, and my soul afar—
I was stone; but I waked with the heart of a man.

WHEN ONE FORGETS

When one forgets, the old things are as dead things;
The grey leaves fall, and eyes that saw their May
Turn from them now, and voices that have said things
Wherein Life joyed, alas! are still to-day—
When one forgets.

The world was noble, now its sordid casement
Glows but with garish folly, and the plains
Of rich achievement lie in mean abasement—
Ah, Hope is only midwife to our pains!

When one forgets, but maimed rites come after:
To mourn, be priest, be sexton, bear the pall,
Remembrance-robed, the while a distant laughter
Proclaims Love's ghost—what wonder skies should fall,
When one forgets!

ALOES AND MYRRH

Dead, with the dew on your brow,
  Dead, with the may in your face,
Dead: and here, true to my vow,
  I, who have won in the race,
Weave you a chaplet of song
  Wet with the spray and the rime
Blown from your love that was strong—
  Stronger than Time.

August it was, and the sun
  Streamed through the pines of the west;
There were two then—there is one;
  Flown is the bird from the nest;
And it is August again,
  But, from this uttermost sea,
Rises the mist of my pain—
  You are set free.

"Tell him I see the tall pines,
  Out through the door as I lie—
Red where the setting sun shines—
  Waving their hands in good-bye;
Tell him I hold to my breast,
  Dying, the flowers he gave;
Glad as I go I shall rest
  Well in my grave."

This is the message they send,
  Warm with your ultimate breath;
Saying, "And this is the end;
  She is the bride but of death."
Is death the worst of all things?
  What but a bursting of bands,
Then to the First of All Things
  Stretching out hands!

Under the grass and the snow
  You will sleep well till I come;
And you will feel me, I know,
  Though you are motionless, dumb.
I shall speak low overhead—
  You were so eager to hear—
And even though you are dead,
  You will be near.

Dead, with the dew on your brow,
  Dead, with the may in your face,
Dead: and here, true to my vow,
  I, who have won in the race,
Weave you a chaplet of song
  Wet with the spray and the rime
Blown from your love that was strong—
  Stronger than Time.

IN WASTE PLACES

The new life is fief to the old life,
And giveth back pangs at the last;
The new strife is like to the old strife
A token and tear of the Past.
We change, but the changes are only
New forms of the old forms again,
We die and some spaces are lonely,
But men live in lives of new men.

We hate, and old wrongs lift their faces,
To fill up the ranks of the new;
We love, and the early love's graces
Are signs of the false and the true;
We clasp the white hands that are given
To greet us in devious ways,
But meet the old sins, all unshriven,
To sadden the burden of days.

Though we lose the green leaves of the first days,
Though the vineyards be trampled and red,
We know, in the gloom of our worst days,
That the dead are not evermore dead:
December is only December,
A space, not the infinite whole;
Though the hearthstone bear but the one ember,
There still is the fire of the soul.

The end comes as came the beginning,
And shadows fail into the past;
And the goal, is it not worth the winning,
If it brings us but home at the last?
While over the pain of waste places
We tread, 'tis a blossoming rod
That drives us to grace from disgraces,
From the plains to the Gardens of God.

LAST OF ALL

Wave walls to seaward,
Storm-clouds to leeward,
Beaten and blown by the winds of the West,
Sail we encumbered
Past isles unnumbered,
  But never to greet the green island of Rest.

Lips that now tremble,
Do you dissemble
When you deny that the human is best?
Love, the evangel,
Finds the Archangel—
  Is that a truth when this may be a jest?

Star-drifts that glimmer
Dimmer and dimmer,
What do ye know of my weal or my woe?
Was I born under
The sun or the thunder?
  What do I come from, and where do I go?

Rest, shall it ever
Come? Is endeavour
Still a vain twining and twisting of cords?

Is faith but treason;
Reason, unreason,
But a mechanical weaving of words?

What is the token,
Ever unbroken,
Swept down the spaces of querulous years,—
Weeping or singing—
That the Beginning
Of all things is with us, and sees us, and hears?

What is the token?
Bruised and broken,
Bend I my life to a blossoming rod?
Shall then the worst things
Come to the first things,
Finding the best of all, last of all, God?

AFTER

Bands broken, cords loosened, and all
Set free. Well, I know
That I turned my cold face to the wall,
Was silent, strove, gasped, then there fell
A numbness, a faintness, a spell
Of blindness, hung as a pall,
On me, falling low,
And a far fading sound of a knell.

Then a fierce stretching of hands
In gloom; and my feet,
Treading tremulous over hard sands;
A wind that wailed wearily slow,
A plashing of waters below,
A twilight on bleak lone lands,
Spread out; and a sheet
Of the moaning sea shallows aflow.

Then a steep highway that leads
Somewhere, cold, austere;
And I follow a shadow that heeds
My coming, and points, not in wrath,
Out over: we tread the sere path
Up to the summit; recedes
All gloom; and at last
The beauty a flower-land hath.

REMEDIAL

WELL it has come and has gone,
I have some pride, you the same;
You will scarce put willow on,
I will have buried a name.

A stone, "*Hic Jacet*"—no more;
Let the world wonder at will;
You have the key to the door,
I have the cenotaph still.

A tear—one tear, is it much,
Dropped on a desert of pain?
Had you one passionate touch
Of Nature there had been rain.

Purpose, oh no, there was none!
You could not know if you would;
You were the innocent one.
Malice? Nay, you were too good.

Hearts should not be in your way,
You must pass on, and you did;
Ah, did I hurt you? you say:
Hurt me? Why, Heaven forbid!

Inquisitorial ways
Might have hurt, truly, but this,
Done in these wise latter days,
It was too sudden, I wis.

"Painless and pleasing," this is
No bad advertisement, true;
Painless extinction was his,
And it was pleasing—to you.

Still, when the surgery's done
(That is the technical term),
Which has lost most, which has won?
Rise now, and truly affirm.

You carry still what we call
(Poets are dreamy we know)
A heart, well, 'tis yours after all,
And time hath its wonders, I trow.

You may look back with your eyes
Turned to the dead of the Past,
And find with a sad surprise,
That yours is the dead at the last.

Seeing afar in the sands,
Gardens grown green, at what cost!
You may reach upward your hands,
Praying for what you have lost.

THE TWILIGHT OF LOVE

Adieu! and the sun goes awearily down,
The mist creeps up o'er the sleepy town,
The white sails bend to the shuddering mere,
And the reapers have reaped, and the night is here.

Adieu! and the years are a broken song,
The right grows weak in the strife with wrong,
The lilies of love have a crimson stain,
And the old days never will come again.

Adieu! where the mountains afar are dim
'Neath the tremulous tread of the seraphim,
Shall not our querulous hearts prevail,
That have prayed for the peace of the Holy Grail?

Adieu! Some time shall the veil between
The things that are, and that might have been
Be folded back for our eyes to see,
And the meaning of all be clear to me.

IRREVOCABLE

What you have done may never be undone
By day or night,
What I have seen may never be unseen
In my sad sight.

The days swing on, the sun glows and is gone,
From span to span;
The tides sweep scornfully the shore, as when
The tides began.

What we have known is but a bitter pledge
Of Ignorance,
The human tribute to an ageless dream,
A timeless trance.

Through what great cycles hath this circumstance
Swept on and on,
Known not by thee or me, till it should come,
A vision wan,

To our two lives, and yours would seem to me
The hand that kills,
Though you have wept to strike, and but have cried,
"The mad Fate wills!"

You could not, if you would, give what had been
Peace, not distress;
Some warping cords of destiny had held
You in duress.

Nay, not the Fates, look higher; is God blind?
Doth He not well?
Our eyes see but a little space behind,
If it befell,

That they saw but a little space before,
Shall we then say,
Unkind is the Eternal, if He knew
This from alway,

And called us into being but to give
To mother Earth
Two blasted lives, to make the watered land
A place of dearth?

The life that feeds upon itself is mad—
Is it not thus?
Have I not held but one poor broken reed
For both of us?

Keep but your place and simply meet
The needs of life;
Mine is the sorrow, mine the prayerless pain:
The world is rife

With spectres seen and spectres all unseen
By human eyes,
Who stand upon the threshold, at the gates,
Of Paradise.

Well do they who have felt the spectres' hands
Upon their hearts,
And have not fled, but with firm faith have borne
Their brothers' parts,

Upheld the weary head, or fanned the brow
Of some sick soul,
Pointed the way for tired pilgrim eyes
To their far goal.

So let it be with us: perchance will come
In after days,
The benison of happiness for us
Always, always.

THE LAST DREAM

One more dream in the slow night watches,
  One more sleep when the world is dumb,
And his soul leans out to the sweet wild snatches
  Of song that up from dreamland come.

Pale, pale face with a golden setting,
  Deep, deep glow of stedfast eyes;
Form of one there is no forgetting,
  Wandering out of Paradise.

Breath of balm, and a languor falling
  Out of the gleam of a sunset sky;
Peace, deep peace and a seraph's calling,
  Folded hands and a pleading cry.

One more dream for the patient singer,
  Weary with songs he loved so well;
Sleeping now—will the vision bring her? .
  Hark, 'tis the sound of the passing bell!

WAITING

When shall I see thee again?
Weary the years and so long;
When shall be buried the wrong,
Phantom-like rising between?
Seeking for surcease of pain;
Pilgrim to Lethe I came;
Drank not, for pride was too keen—
Stung by the sound of a name.

Soft, ardent skies of my youth
Come to me over the sea,
Come in a vision to me,
Come with your shimmer and song;
Ye have known all of the truth,
Witness to both shall ye bear;
Read me the riddle of wrong,
Solve me the cords of the snare.

Love is not won in a breath,
Idle, impassioned and sure;
Why should not love then endure,
Challenging doubt to the last?
True love is true till the death,
Though it bear aloes and myrrh;
Try me and judge me, O Past,
Have I been true unto her?

What should I say if we met,
Knowing not which should forbear?
E'en if I plead would she care?—
Sweet is the refuge of scorn.
Close by my side, O Regret
Long we have watched for the light!
Watchman, what of the morn?
Well do we know of the night.

IN MAYTIME

The apple blossoms glisten
  Within the crownèd trees;
The meadow grasses listen
  The din of busy bees;
The wayward, woodland singer
  Carols along the leas,
Not loth to be the bringer
  Of summer fantasies.

But you and I who never
  Meet now but for regret,
Forever and forever,
  Though flower-bonds were set
In Maytime, if you wonder
  That falling leaves are ours,
Yours was it cast asunder,
  Mine are the faded flowers.

The fluted wren is sobbing
  Beneath the mossy eaves;
The throstle's chord is throbbing
  In coronal of leaves;
The home of love is lilies,
  And rose-hearts, flaming red,
Red roses and white lilies—
  Lo, thus the gods were wed!

But we weep on, unheeding
The earth's joys spread for us;
And ever, far receding,
Our fair land fades from us:
One waited, patient, broken,
High-hearted but opprest,
One lightly took the token—
The mad Fates took the rest.

High mountains and low valleys,
And shreds of silver seas,
The lone brook's sudden sallies,
And all the joys of these,—
These were, but now the fire
Volcanic seeks the sea,
And dark wave walls retire
Tyrannic seeking me.

. . . . . .

Spirit of dreams, a vision
Well hast thou wrought for us;
Fold high the veil Elysian,
The past held naught for us;
Years, what are they but spaces
Set in a day for me?
Lo, here are lilied places—
My love comes back to me!

INSIDE THE BAR

I KNOWS a town, an' it's a fine town,
And many a brig goes sailin' to its quay;
I knows an inn, an' it's a fine inn,
An' a lass that's fair to see.
I knows a town, an' it's a fine town;
I knows an inn, an' it's a fine inn—
But Oh my lass, an' Oh the gay gown,
Which I have seen my pretty in!

I knows a port, an' it's a good port,
An' many a brig is ridin' easy there;
I knows a home, an' it's a good home,
An' a lass that's sweet an' fair.
I knows a port, an' it's a good port,
I knows a home, an' it's a good home—
But Oh the pretty that is my sort,
What's wearyin' till I come!

I knows a day, an' it's a fine day,
The day a sailor man comes back to town;
I knows a tide, an' it's a good tide,
The tide that gets you quick to anchors down.
I knows a day, an' it's a fine day,
I knows a tide, an' it's a good tide—
And God help the lubber, I say,
What's stole the sailor man's bride!

THE CHILDREN

Mark the faces of the children
  Flooded with sweet innocence!
God's smile on their foreheads glisten
  Ere their heart-strings have grown tense.

And they know not of the sadness,
  Of the palpitating pain
Drawn through arid veins of manhood,
  Or the lusts that life disdain.

Little reck they of the shadows
  Fallen through the steep world's space;
God hath touched them with His chrism,
  And their sunlight is His grace.

And the green grooves of the meadows—
  They are fair to look upon;
And the silver thrush and robin
  Sing most sweetly on and on.

But the faces of the children—
  They are fairer far than these;
And the songs they sing are sweeter
  Than the thrushes' in the trees.

Little hands, our God has given
All the flower-bloom for you;
Gather violets in the meadows,
Trailing your sweet fingers through.

The swift tears that sometimes glisten
On their faces dashed with pain
Weave a rosy bow of promise,
Like the afterglow of rain.

The soft, verdant fields of childhood,
Certes, are the softer for
The dissolving dew of morning,
Noon's elate ambassador.

Looking skyward, do they wonder—
They, the children palm to palm—
What is out beyond the azure
In the infinite of calm?

Though they murmur soft "Our Father,"
Angel wings to speed it on
Past the bright wheels of the Pleiads,
Have they thought of benison?

Nay! the undefilèd children
Say it bound by ignorance;
But the saying is the merit,
And the loving bans mischance.

Oh the mountain heights of childhood,
And the waterfalls of dreams,
And the sleeping in the shadows
Of the willows by the streams!

Toss your gleaming hair, O children,
Back in waving of the wind!
Flash the starlight 'neath your eyelids
From the sunlight of the mind!

See, we strain you to our bosoms,
And we kiss your lip and brow;
Human hearts must have some idols,
And we shrine you idols now.

Time, the ruthless idol-breaker,
Smileless, cold iconoclast,
Though he rob us of our altars,
Cannot rob us of the past.

Dull and dead the gods' bright nectar,
Disencrownèd of its foam;
Duller, deader far the empty,
Barren hearthstone of a home.

Smile out to our age and give us,
Children, of the dawn's desire;
We have passed morn's gold and opal,
We have lost life's early fire.

LITTLE GARAINE

"Where do the stars grow, little Garaine?
The garden of moons, is it far away?
The orchard of suns, my little Garaine,
Will you take us there some day?"

"If you shut your eyes," quoth little Garaine,
"I will show you the way to go
To the orchard of suns and the garden of moons
And the field where the stars do grow.

"But you must speak soft," quoth little Garaine,
"And still must your footsteps be,
For a great bear prowls in the field of the stars,
And the moons they have men to see.

"And the suns have the Children of Signs to guard,
And they have no pity at all—
You must not stumble, you must not speak,
When you come to the orchard wall.

"The gates are locked," quoth little Garaine,
"But the way I am going to tell—
The key of your heart it will open them all:
And there's where the darlings dwell!"

TO A LITTLE CHILD

(M. H.)

When you were born, my dear, when you were born,
A glorious Voice came singing from the sun,
An Ariel with roses of the morn,
And through the vales of Arcady danced one
All golden as the corn.

These were the happy couriers of God,
Bearing your gifts: a magic all your own,
And Beauty with her tall divining rod;
While tiny star-smiths, bending to your throne,
Your feet with summer shod.

Into my heart, my dear, you flashed your way,
Your rosy, golden way: a fairy horn
Proclaimed you dancing light and roundelay;—
I thank my generous Fates that you were born
One lofty joyous day.

L'EMPEREUR, MORT

(M. H., AGED FIVE)

My dear, I was thy lover,
A man of spring-time years;
I sang thee songs, gave gifts and songs most poor,
But they were signs; and now, for evermore,
Thou farest forth! My heart is full of tears,
My dear, my very dear.

My dear, I was thy lover,
I wrote thee on my shield,
I cried thy name in goodly fealty,
Thy champion I. And now, no more for me
Thy face, thy smile: thou goest far afield,
My dear, my very dear.

My dear, I am thy lover:
Afield thy spirit goes,
And thou shalt find that Inn of God's delight,
Where thou wilt wait for us who say good night,
To thy sweet soul. The rest—the rest, God knows,
My dear, my dear!

PHYLLIS

Phyllis, I knew you once when I was young,
And travelled to your land of Arcady.
Do you, of all the songs, wild songs, before you flung,
Remember mine—its buoyant melody,
Its hope, its pride; do you remember it?
It was the song that makes the world go round;
I bought it of a Boy: in scars I paid for it,
Phyllis, to you who jested at my wound.

BAIRNIE

Did ye see the white cloud in the glint o' the sun?
That's the brow and the eye o' my bairnie.
Did ye ken the red bloom at the bend o' the crag?
That's the rose in the cheek o' my bairnie.
Did ye hear the gay lilt o' the lark by the burn?
That's the voice of my bairnie, my dearie.
Did ye smell the wild scent in the green o' the wood?
That's the breath o' my ain, o' my bairnie.
Sae I'll gang awa' hame, to the shine o' the fire,
To the cot where I lie wi' my bairnie.

IN CAMDEN TOWN

How many years of sun and snow
  Have come to Camden Town,
Since through its streets and in its shade,
  I wandered up and down.

Not many more than to you here
  These verses hapless flung,
Yet of the Long Ago they seem
  To me who am yet young.

We strive to measure life by Time,
  And con the seasons o'er,
To find, alas! that days are years,
  And years for evermore.

The joys that thrill, the ill that thralls,
  Pressed down on heart and brain—
These are the only horologues,
  The Age's loss or gain.

And I am old in all of these,
  And wonder if I know
The man begotten of the boy,
  Who loved that long ago.

A lilac bush close to the gate,
A locust at the door,
A low, wide window flower-filled,
With ivy covered o'er.

A face—O love of childhood dreams,
Lily in form and name—
It comes back now in these day-dreams,
The same yet not the same.

My childhood's friend! Well gathered are
The sheaves of many days,
But this one sheaf is garnered in,
Bound by my love always.

Where have you wandered, child, since when
Together merrily,
We gathered cups of columbine
By lazy Rapanee?

The green spears of the flagflower,
Down by the old mill-race,
Are weapons now for other hands,
Who mimic warfare chase.

You were so tender, yet so strong,
So gentle, yet so free,
Your every word, whenever heard,
Seemed wondrous wise to me.

You marvelled if the dead could hear
  Our steps, that passed at will
Their low green houses in the elm-
  Crowned churchyard on the hill.

And I, whom your sweet childhood's trust,
  Esteemed as most profound,
Thought that they heard, as in a dream,
  The shadow of a sound.

We drew the long, rank grass away
  From tombstones mossy grown,
To read the verses crude and quaint,
  And make the words our own.

One tottering marble, willow-spread,
  I well remember yet,
With only this engraved thereon,
  "*By Joseph to Jeanette.*"

It held us wondering oft, as we
  Peeped through the pickets old:
There was some mystery, we knew,
  Some history untold.

Well, better far those simple words,
  Where weeping phrase is not,
Than burdened tablet, and the rest
  Forgetting and forgot.

And Lily Minden, do you lie
  In some forgotten grave,
Where only strangers' feet pass o'er
  Your temple's architrave?

Or, by some hearthstone, have you learned
  The worst and best of life,
And found sweet greetings in the name
  Of mother and of wife?

I cannot tell: I know you but
  As bee the clover bloom,
That sips content, and straightway builds
  Its mansion and its tomb.

So took I in child-innocence,
  So build the House of Life,
And in low tone to thee alone,
  As dead or maid or wife,

I sing this song, borne all along
  A space of wasted breath;
And build me on from room to room
  Unto the House of Death,

Where portals swing forever in
  To weary pilgrim guest,
And hearts that here were inly dear
  Shall find a Room of Rest.

JEAN

THREE times round has the sun gone, Jean,
Since on your lips I pressed
Mute farewells; if that pain was keen
Fair were you in your nest.

Smiling, sweetheart, I left you there;
You had no word to say;
One last touch to your brow and hair,
Then I went on my way.

Time it was when the leaves were grown
Your rose-colour, my queen;
Ere the birds to the south had flown,
While yet the grass was green.

Eyes demure, do you ever yearn,
Bird-wise to summer lands?
Is it to meet your look I turn,
Saying, "She understands,"

Saying, "She waits in her quiet place
Patient till I shall come,
The old sweet grace in her dreaming face
That made a Heav'n her home"?

No! She is there 'neath Northern skies,
And no word does she send;
But near to my heart her image lies,
And shall lie there to the end.

Come what will I am not bereft
Of the memory of that time,
When in her hands my heart I left
There, in a colder clime.

And to my eyes no face is fair,
For one face comes between;
And if a song has a low sweet air,
Through it there whispers, "Jean."

Better for me the world would say,
If I had broke the charm,
Set in the circle she one day
Made by her round white arm.

Never a king in days of eld
Gathered about his throat
Such a circlet; no queen e'er held
Necklace so clear of mote.

It sufficeth the charm was set;
And if it chance that one
Still remembers, though one forget,
Then is the worst thing done—

Done, and I still can say "Let be;
I have no word of blame;
Though her heart is no more for me,
Mine shall be still the same."

I have my life to live and she—
Well, if it be so—so;
She may welcome or banish me
And if I go, I go.

Friend, I pray you repress those tears,
Comfort from this derive:
I am a score—and more—of years
And Jean is only five.

A MEMORY

From buckwheat fields the summer sun
Drew honeyed breezes over
The lanes where happy children run
With bare feet in the clover.

The schoolhouse stood with pines about
Upon the hill, and ever
A creek, where hid the speckled trout,
Ran past it to the river.

And rosy faces gathered there,
With rustic good around them;
With breath of balm blown everywhere,
Pure, ere the world had found them.

Behind sweet purple ambuscades
Of lilacs, laws were broken;
And here a desk with knives was frayed,
There passed forbidden token.

One slipped a butternut between
His pearly teeth; a maiden
Dove-eyed, caressed her cheek; 'twas e'en
With maple sugar laden—

A flock that caught at wiles, because
The shepherd's hand that drove them,
Reached little toward wise human laws,
And less to God above them.

With eyebrows bent and surly look
He only saw before him,
The rule, the lesson, and the book,
Not nature brooding o'er him.

One day through drone of locusts fell
The wood-bird's fitful tapping,
And in his chair at "dinner-spell,"
The teacher grim sat napping.

An urchin creeping in beholds
The tyrant slumber-smitten,
And in his pocket's ample folds
He thrusts the school-yard kitten.

At length the master waked, and clanged
His bell with anger fitting;
His sleep had made it double-fanged,
And crossed like needles knitting.

Slow to their seats the children file,
And wait "Prepare for classes,"
A score of lads across the aisle
From twice a score of lasses.

But two within the throng betray
A mirth suppressed; the sinner,
And Rafe Ridall, the chief at play,
At books the easy winner:

The wildest boy in all the school,
In mischief first and ever,
His daily seat the penance-stool,
Disgraced for weeks together.

Just sound of bone and strong of heart,
Staunch friend and noble foeman;
In life to play the kingly part,
True both to man and woman.

Joe's secret now he holds; a deed
With just enough of danger,
To win his—ah, what's that? 'Tis freed,
The pocket-prisoned stranger!

A moment's riot laughter-filled,
Then fear, white-visaged, follows;
And through the silence there is trilled
The shrill note of the swallows.

And now a fierce form fronts them all,
Two fierce eyes search their faces,
Then flash their fire on Rafe Ridall,
Whose mirth no peril chases.

"You did it, sir!" "Not I!" "You did!"
"No!" "You've one chance for showing
Who in my coat the kitten hid,
Or be well thrashed for knowing."

The master paused, the birch he grasped
Against his trousers flicking;
Rafe said, with hands behind him clasped,
"I'd rather take the licking."

Full many a year has passed since then,
The lilacs still are blooming,
Awaiting childish hands again,
But they are long in coming.

Now wandering swallows build their nests
Where doors and roofs decaying,
No more shut in the master's zest,
Nor out the children's playing.

All, all are gone who gathered there;
Some toil among the masses,
Some, overworn with pain and care,
Wait Death's "Prepare for classes."

And some—the sighing pines sway on
Above them, dreamless lying;
And 'mong them sleeps the master, gone
His anger and their crying.

And Rafe Ridall, brave then, brave now,
  Amid the jarring courses
Of man's misrule, still takes the blow
  For those of weaker forces.

IN CAMP AT JUNIPER COVE

A LITTLE brown sparrow came tripping
  Across the green grass at my feet;
A kingfisher poised, and was peering
  Where current and calm water meet;

The clouds hung in passionless clusters
  Above the green hills of the south;
A bobolink fluttered to leeward
  With a twinkle of bells in its mouth.

Ah, the morning was silver with glory
  As I lay by my tent on the shore;
And the soft air was drunken with odours,
  And my soul lifted up to adore.

Is there wonder I took me to dreaming
  Of the gardens of Greece and old Rome,
Of the fair watered meadows of Ida,
  And the hills where the gods made their home?

Of the Argonauts sung to by Sirens,
  Of Andromache, Helen of Troy,
Of Proserpine, Iphigenia,
  And the Fates that build up and destroy?

Of the phantom isle, green Theresea,
And the Naiads and Dryads that give
To the soul of the poet, the dreamer,
The visions of fancy that live

In the lives and the language of mortals
Unconscious, but sure as the sea,
And that make for great losses repayment
To wandering singers like me?

But a little brown sparrow came tripping
Across the green grass at my feet;
And a kingfisher poised, and was peering
Where current and calm water meet;

And Alice, sweet Alice, my neighbour,
Stands musing beneath the pine tree;
And her look says—"I have a lover
Who sails on the turbulent sea:

Does he dream as I dream night and daytime
Of a face that is tender and true;
Will he come to me e'en as he left me?"
Yes, Alice, sweet Alice, for you,

Is the sunlight, and not the drear shadow,
The gentle and fortunate peace:
But he who thus revels in rhyming
Has shadows that never shall cease.

JUNIPER COVE TWENTY YEARS AFTER

The bay gleams softly in the sun,
  The morning widens o'er the world:
The bluebird's song is just begun,
  And down the skies white clouds are furled.

The boat lies idly by the shore,
  The shed I built with happy care
Is fallen; and I see no more
  The white tents in the eager air.

The goldenrod holds up its plumes
  In the long stretch of meadow grass,
The briarrose shakes its sweet perfumes,
  In coverts where the sparrows pass.

Far off, above, the sapphire gleams,
  Far off, below, the sapphire flows,
And this, my place of morning dreams,
  The bank where my vain visions rose!

Sweet Alice, he came back again,
  Across the waste of summer sea,
What time the fields were full of grain,
  But not to thee; but not to thee.

She comes no more when evening falls,
To watch the stars wheel up the sky;
Then love and light were over all;
Alas! that light and love should die.

I feel her hand upon my arm,
I see her eyes shine through the mist;
Her life was passionate and warm
As the red jewels at her wrist.

Hearts do not break, the world has said,
Though love lie stark and light be flown;
But still it counts its lost and dead,
And in the solitudes makes moan.

We school our lips to make our hearts
Seem other than in truth they are;
Before the lights we play our part,
And paint the flesh to hide the scar.

Masquers and mummers all, and yet
The slaves of some dead passion's fires,
Of hopes the soul can ne'er forget
Still sobbing in life's trembling wires.

Fate puts our dear desires in pawn,
Youth passes, unredeemed they lie;
The leaves drop from our rose of dawn,
And storms fall from the mocking sky.

I shall come back no more; my ship
  Waits for me by the sundering sea;
A prayer for her is on my lip—
  And the old life is dead to me.

LISTENING

I HAVE lain beneath the pine trees just to hear the thrush's calling,
I have waited for the throstle where the harvest fields were brown,
I have caught the lark's sweet trilling from the depths of cloud-land falling
And the piping of the linnet through the willow branches blown:

But you have some singing graces, you who sing because you love it,
That are higher than the throstle, or the linnet, or the lark;
And, however far my soul may reach, your song is far above it;
And I falter while I follow as a child does in the dark.

In elder days, when all the world was silent save the beating
Of the tempest-gathered ocean 'gainst the grey volcanic walls,
When the light had met the darkness and the mountains sent their greeting
To each other in sharp flashes as the vivid lightning falls,

Then the high gods said, "In token that we love the
earth we fashioned,
We will set the white stars singing, and teach man the
art of song":
And there rose up from the valleys sounds of love and
life impassioned,
Till men cried, with arms uplifted, "Now from hence-
forth we are strong!"

Adown the ages there have come the sounds of that
first singing,
Lifting up the weary-hearted in the fever of the
time;
And I, who wait and wander far, felt all my soul up-
springing,
To but touch those ancient forces and the energies
sublime,

When I heard you who had heard it—that first song—
perhaps in dreaming,
Till it filled you with fine fervour and the hopes of its
refrain;
And I knew that God was gracious and had led me in
the gleaming
Of a song-shine that is holy and that quiets all my
pain.

Though the birds sing in the meadows and fill all the
air with sweetness,
They sing only in the present, and they sing because
they must;

They are wanton in their pureness, and in all their fine
completeness,
They trill out their lives forgotten to the silence of
the dust.

But if you should pass to-morrow where your songs
could never reach us,
There would still be throbbing through us all the mu-
sic of your voice;
And your spirit would speak through the chords, as
though it would beseech us
To remember that the noblest ends have ever noblest
choice.

NEVERTHELESS

In your onward march, O men,
White of face, in promise whiter,
You unsheathe the sword, and then
Blame the wrongèd as the fighter.

Time, ah, Time, rolls onward o'er
All these fœtid fields of evil,
While hard at the nation's core
Eat the burning rust and weevil!

Nathless, out beyond the stars
Reigns the Wiser and the Stronger,
Seeing in all strifes and wars
Who the wrongèd, who the wronger.

ISHMAEL

"No man cared for my soul."

Blind, Lord, so blind! I wander far
From Thee among the haunts of men,
Most like some lone, faint, flickering star
Gone from its place, nor knoweth when
The sun shall give it shining dole:
Lord! no man careth for my soul.

Blind, Lord, so blind! In loneliness
By crowded mart or busy street,
I fold my hands and feel how less
Am I to any one I meet,
Than to Thee one lost billow's roll:
Lord! no man careth for my soul.

Blind, Lord, so blind! And I have knelt
'Mong myriads in Thy house of prayer;
And still sad desolation felt,
Though heavy freighted was the air
With litanies of love: one ghoul
Cried, "No man careth for thy soul!"

Blind, Lord, so blind! The world is blind;
It feeds me, fainting, with a stone:
I cry for bread. Before, behind,
Are hurrying feet; yet all alone

I walk, and no one points the goal:
Lord! no man careth for my soul.

Blind, Lord, Oh very blind am I!
If sin of mine sets up the wall
Between my poor sight and Thy sky,
O Friend of man, Who cares for all,
Send sweet peace ere the last bell toll—
Yea, Lord, Thou carest for my soul!

OVER THE HILLS

Over the hills they are waiting to greet us,
They who have scanned all the ultimate places,
Fathomed the world and the things that defeat us—
Evils and graces.

They have no thought for the toiling or spinning,
Striving for bread that is dust in the gaining,
They have won all that is well worth the winning—
Past all distaining.

Now they have done with the pain and the error,
Nevermore here shall the dark things assail them,
Void man's devices and dreams have no terror—
Shall we bewail them?

They have cast off all the strife and derision,
They have put on all the joy of our yearning;
We falter feebly from vision to vision,
Never discerning.

Faint light before us, and shadows to grope in,
Stretching out hands to the starbeams to guide us,
Finding no place but our life's loves to hope in,
Doubt to deride us—

So we climb upward with eyes growing dimmer,
Looking back only to sigh through our smiling,
Wondering still if the palpitant glimmer
Leads past defiling.

They whom we loved have gone over the mountains,
Hands beckon to us like wings of the swallow,
Voices we knew from delectable fountains
Cry to us, "Follow!"

Some were so young when they left us, that morning
Seemed to have flashed and then died into gloaming,
Leaving us wearier 'neath the world's scorning,
Blinder in roaming.

Some, in the time when the manhood is bravest,
Strongest to bear and the hands to endeavour,
When all the life is the firmest and gravest,
Left us for ever.

Some, when the Springtime had grown to December,
Said, "It is done: now the last thing befall me;
I shall sleep well—ah! dear hearts but remember:
Farewell, they call me!"

So the tale runs, and the end, who shall fear it?
Is it not better to sleep than to sorrow?
Tokens will come from the bourne as we near it—
Time's peace, to-morrow.

THE DELIVERER

How has the cloud fallen, and the leaf withered on the tree,
The lemontree, that standeth by the door?
The melon and the date have gone bitter to the taste,
The weevil, it has eaten at the core—
The core of my heart, the mildew findeth it;
My music, it is but the drip of tears,
The garner empty standeth, the oven hath no fire,
Night filleth me with fears.
O Nile that floweth deeply, hast thou not heard his voice?
His footsteps hast thou covered with thy flood?
He was as one who lifteth up the yoke,
He was as one who taketh off the chain,
As one who sheltereth from the rain,
As one who scattereth bread to the pigeons flying.
His purse was at his side, his mantle was for me,
For any who passeth were his mantle and his purse,
And now like a gourd is he withered from our eyes.
His friendship, it was like a shady wood—
Whither has he gone?—Who shall speak for us?
Who shall save us from the kourbash and the stripes?
Who shall proclaim us in the palace?
Who shall contend for us in the gate?
The sakkia turneth no more; the oxen they are gone;

The young go forth in chains, the old waken in the night,
They waken and weep, for the wheel turns backward,
And the dark days are come again upon us—
Will he return no more?
His friendship was like a shady wood,
O Nile that floweth deeply, hast thou not heard his voice?
Hast thou covered up his footsteps with thy flood?
The core of my heart, the mildew findeth it!
When his footsteps were among us there was peace;
War entered not the village, nor the call of war:
Now our homes are as those that have no roofs.
As a nest decayed, as a cave forsaken,
As a ship that lieth broken on the beach,
Is the house where we were born.
Out in the desert did we bury our gold,
We buried it where no man robbed us, for his arm was strong.
Now are the jars empty, gold did not avail
To save our young men, to keep them from the chains.
God hath swallowed his voice, or the sea hath drowned it,
Or the Nile hath covered him with its flood;
Else would he come when our voices call.
His word was honey in the prince's ear—
Will he return no more?

THE DESERT ROAD

In the sands I lived in a hut of palm,
  There was never a garden to see;
There was never a path through the desert calm,
  Nor a way through its storms for me.

Tenant was I of a lone domain;
  The far pale caravans wound
To the rim of the sky, and vanished again;
  My call in the waste was drowned.

The vultures came and hovered and fled;
  And once there stole to my door
A white gazelle, but its eyes were dread
  With the hurt of the wounds it bore.

It passed in the dusk with a foot of fear,
  And the white cold mists rolled in;
And my heart was the heart of a stricken deer,
  Of a soul in the snare of sin.

My days they withered like rootless things,
  And the sands rolled on, rolled wide;
Like a pelican I, with broken wings,
  Like a drifting barque on the tide.

But at last, in the light of a rose-red day,
In the windless glow of the morn,
From over the hills and from far away,
You came—ah, the joy of the morn!

And wherever your footsteps fell there crept
A path—it was fair and wide;
A desert road which no sands have swept,
Where never a hope has died.

I followed you forth, and your beauty held
My heart like an ancient song,
By that desert road to the blossoming plains
I came, and the way was long.

So, I set my course by the light of your eyes;
I care not what fate may send;
On the road I tread shine the love-starred skies,
The road with never an end.

A SON OF THE NILE

Oh, the garden where to-day we sow and to-morrow
we reap;
Oh, the sakkia turning by the garden walls;
Oh, the onion-field and the date-tree growing,
And my hand on the plough—by the blessing of God;
Strength of my soul, O my brother, all's well!

A FAREWELL FROM THE HAREM

Take thou thy flight, O soul! Thou hast no more
The gladness of the morning: ah, the perfumed roses
My love laid on my bosom as I slept!
How did he wake me with his lips upon mine eyes,
How did the singers carol, the singers of my soul,
That nest among the thoughts of my beloved!
All silent now, the choruses are gone,
The windows of my soul are closed; no more
Mine eyes look gladly out to see my lover come.
There is no more to do, no more to say:
Take flight, my soul, my love returns no more!

AN ARAB LOVE SONG

The bed of my love I will sprinkle with attar of roses,
The face of my love I will touch with the balm,
With the balm of the tree from the farthermost wood,
From the wood without end, in the world without end.
My love holds the cup to my lips, and I drink of the cup,
And the attar of roses I sprinkle will soothe like the evening dew,
And the balm will be healing and sleep, and the cup I will drink,
I will drink of the cup my love holds to my lips.

THE CAMEL-DRIVER TO HIS CAMEL

Fleet is thy foot: thou shalt rest by the etl tree;
Water shalt thou drink from the blue-deep well;
Allah send his gard'ner with the green bersim,
For thy comfort, fleet one, by the etl tree.
As the stars fly, have thy footsteps flown—
Deep is the well, drink, and be still once more;
Till the pursuing winds, panting, have found thee
And, defeated, sink still beside thee—
By the well and the etl tree.

THE TALL DAKOON

The Tall Dakoon, the bridle rein he shook, and called aloud,
His Arab steed sprang down the mists which wrapped them like a shroud;
But up there rang the clash of steel, the clanking silver chain,
The war-cry of the Tall Dakoon, the moaning of the slain.

And long they fought—the Tall Dakoon, the children of the mist,
But he was swift with lance and shield, and supple of the wrist,
Yet if he rose, or if he fell, no man hath proof to show—
And wide the world beyond the mists, and deep the vales below!

For when a man, because of love, hath wrecked and burned his ships,
And when a man for hate of love hath curses on his lips,
Though he should be the peasant born, or be the Tall Dakoon,
What matters then, of hap, or place, the mist comes none too soon!

THERE IS SORROW ON THE SEA

Our ship is a beautiful lady,
Friendly and ready and fine;
She runs her race with the storm in her face,
Like a sea-bird over the brine.

In her household work no hand does shirk,—
No need of belaying-pins,—
And the captain dear and the engineer,
They both look after the Twins:

The Twins that drive her to do her best
Where the Roaring Forties rage—
From the Fastnet Height to the Liberty Light,
And the Customs landing-stage.

Where the crank-shafts pitch in the iron ditch,
Where the main-shaft swims and glides,
Where the boilers keep, in the sullen deep,
A master-hand on the Tides;

Where the reeking shuttle and booming bar
Keep time in the hum of the toiling hive,—
The men of the deep, while the travellers sleep,
Their steel-clad coursers drive.

And Davy Jones' locker is full
Of the labour that moves the world;
And brave they be who serve the sea
To keep our flags unfurled:

The Union Jack and the Stripes and Stars,
Gallant and free and true,
In a world-wide trade, and a fame well made,
And humanity's work to do.

Now list, ye landsmen, as ye roam,
To the voice of the men offshore,
Who've sailed in the old ship *Never Return*,
With the great First Commodore.

They fitted foreign (*God keeps the sea*),
They stepped aboard (*God breaks the wind*).
And the babe that held by his father's knee,
He leaves, with his lass, behind.

And the lad will sail as his father sailed,
And a lass she will wait again;
And he'll get his scrip in his father's ship,
And he'll sail to the Southern Main;

And he'll sail to the North, and he'll make to the East,
And he'll overhaul the West;
And he'll pass outspent as his father went
From his landbirds in the nest.

There are hearts that bleed, there are mouths to
feed,
(*Now one and all, ye landsmen, list*)
And the rent's to pay on the quarter-day—
(*What ye give will never be missed*)

And you'll never regret, as your whistle you wet,
In Avenue Number Five,
That you gave your "quid" to the lonely kid
And the widow, to keep 'em alive.

So out with your golden shilling, my lad,
And your bright bank-note, my dear!
We are safe to-night near the Liberty Light,
And the mariner says, *What Cheer!*

THE AUSTRALIAN STOCKRIDER

I RIDE to the tramp and shuffle of hoofs
Away to the wild waste land,
I can see the sun on the station roofs,
And a stretch of the shifting sand;
The forest of horns is a shaking sea,
Where white waves tumble and pass;
The cockatoo screams in the myall-tree,
And the adder-head gleams in the grass.

The clouds swing out from beyond the hills
And valance the face of the sky,
And the Spirit of Winds creeps up and fills
The plains with a plaintive cry;
A boundary-rider on lonely beat
Creeps round the horizon's rim;
He has little to do, and plenty to eat,
And the world is a blank to him.

His friends are his pipe, and dog, and tea,
His wants, they are soon supplied;
And his mind, like the weeping myall-tree,
May droop on his weary ride,
But he lives his life in his quiet way,
Forgetting,—perhaps forgot,—
Till another rider will come some day,
And he will have ridden, God wot!

To the Wider Plains with the measureless bounds:
And I know, if I had my choice,
I would rather ride in those pleasant grounds,
Than to sit 'neath the spell of the voice
Of the sweetest seraph that you could find
In all the celestial place;
And I hope that the Father, whose heart is kind,
When I speak to Him face to face,

Will give me something to do up there
Among all the folks that have died,
That will give me freedom and change of air,
If it's only to boundary ride:
For I somehow think, in the Great Stampede,
When the world crowds up to the Bar,
The unluckiest mortals will be decreed
To camp on the luckiest star.

THE BRIDGE OF THE HUNDRED SPANS

It was the time that the Long Divide
Blooms and glows like an hour-old bride;
It was the days when the cattle come
Back from their winter wand'rings home;
Time when the Kicking Horse shows its teeth,
Snarls and foams with a demon's breath;
When the sun with a million levers lifts
Abodes of snow from the rocky rifts;
When the line-man's eyes, like the lynx's, scans
The lofty Bridge of the Hundred Spans.

Round a curve, down a sharp incline,
If the red-eyed lantern made no sign,
Swept the train, and upon the bridge
That binds a cañon from ridge to ridge.
Never a watchman like old Carew;
Knew his duty, and did it, too;
Good at scouting when scouting paid,
Saved a post from an Indian raid—
Trapper, miner, and mountain guide,
Less one arm in a lumber slide;
Walked the line like a panther's guard,
Like a maverick penned in a branding-yard.
"Right as rain," said the engineers,
"With the old man working his eyes and ears."

"Safe with Carew on the mountain wall,"
Was how they put it, in Montreal.
Right and safe was it East and West
Till a demon rose on the mountain crest,
And drove at its shoulders angry spears,
That it rose from its sleep of a thousand years,
That its heaving breast broke free the cords
Of imprisoned snow as with flaming swords;
And, like a star from its frozen height,
An avalanche leaped one spring-tide night;
Leaped with a power not God's or man's
To smite the Bridge of the Hundred Spans.

It smote a score of the spans; it slew
With its icy squadrons old Carew.
Asleep he lay in his snow-bound grave,
While the train drew on that he could not save;
It would drop, doom-deep, through the trap of death,
From the light above, to the dark beneath;
And town and village both far and near
Would mourn the tragedy ended here.

One more hap in a hapless world,
One more wreck where the tide is swirled,
One more heap in a waste of sand,
One more clasp of a palsied hand,
One more cry to a soundless Word,
One more flight of a wingless bird;
The ceaseless falling, the countless groan,
The waft of a leaf and the fall of a stone;

Ever the cry that a Hand will save,
Ever the end in a fast-closed grave;
Ever and ever the useless prayer,
Beating the walls of a mute despair.
Doom, all doom—nay then, not all doom!
Rises a hope from the fast-closed tomb.
Write not "Lost," with its grinding bans,
On life, or the Bridge of the Hundred Spans.

See, on the cañon's western ridge,
There stands a girl! She beholds the bridge
Smitten and broken; she sees the need
For a warning swift, and a daring deed.
See then the act of a simple girl;
Learn from it, thinker, and priest, and churl.
See her, the lantern between her teeth,
Crossing the quivering trap of death.
Hand over hand on a swaying rail,
Sharp in her ears and her heart the wail
Of a hundred lives; and she has no fear
Save that her prayer be not granted her.
Cold is the snow on the rail, and chill
The wind that comes from the frozen hill.
Her hair blows free and her eyes are full
Of the look that makes Heaven merciful—
Merciful, ah! quick, shut your eyes,
Lest you wish to see how a brave girl dies!
Dies—not yet; for her firm hands clasped
The solid bridge, as the breach out-gasped,
And the rail that had held her downward swept,
Where old Carew in his snow-grave slept.

Now up and over the steep incline,
She speeds with the red light for a sign;
She hears the cry of the coming train,
It trembles like lanceheads through her brain;
And round the curve, with a foot as fleet
As a sinner's that flees from the Judgment-seat,
She flies; and the signal swings, and then
She knows no more; but the enginemen
Lifted her, bore her, where women brought
The flush to her cheek, and with kisses caught
The warm breath back to her pallid lips,
The life from lives that were near eclipse;
Blessed her, and praised her, and begged her name
That all of their kindred should know her fame;
Should tell how a girl from a cattle-ranche
That night defeated an avalanche.

Where is the wonder the engineer
Of the train she saved, in half a year
Had wooed her and won her? And here they are
For their homeward trip in a parlour car!
Which goes to show that Old Nature's plans
Were wrecked with the Bridge of the Hundred Spans.

NELL LATORE

Rebel? . . . I grant you,—my comrades then
Were called Old Pascal Dubois' Men:
Half-breeds all of us . . . I, a scamp,
The best long-shot in the Touchwood Camp;
Muscle and nerve like strings of steel,
Sound in the game of bit and heel—
There's your guide-book. . . . But, Jeanne Amray,
Telegraph-clerk at Sturgeon Bay,
French and thoroughbred, proud and sweet,
Sunshine down to her glancing feet,
Sang one song 'neath the northern moon
That changed God's world to a tropic noon;
And Love burned up on its golden floor
Years of passion for Nell Latore—
Nell Latore with her tawny hair,
Glowing eyes and her reckless air;
Lithe as an alder, straight and tall—
Pride and sorrow of Rise-and-Fall!
Indian blood in her veins ran wild,
And a Saxon father called her child;
Women feared her, and men soon found
When they trod on forbidden ground.
Ride! there's never a cayuse knew
Saddle slip of her; pistols, too,

Seemed to learn in her hands a knack
How to travel a dead-sure track.
Something in both alike maybe,
Something kindred in ancestry,
Some warm touch of an ancient pride
Drew my feet to her willing side.
My comrade, she, in the Touchwood Camp,
To ride, hunt, trail by the fire-fly lamp;
To track the moose to his moose-yard; pass
The bustard's doom through the prairie grass;
To hark at night to the crying loon
Beat idle wings on the still lagoon;
To hide from death in the drifting snow,
To slay the last of the buffalo. . . .
Ah, well, I speak of the days that were;
And I swear to you, I was kind to her.
I lost her. How are the best friends lost?
The lightning lines of our souls got crossed—
Crossed, and could never again be free
Till Death should call from his midnight sea.

One spring brought me my wedding day,
Brought me my bright-eyed Jeanne Amray;
Brought that night to our cabin door
My old, lost comrade, Nell Latore.
Her eyes swam fire, and her cheek was red,
Her full breast heaved as she darkly said:
"The coyote hides from the wind and rain,
The wild horse flies from the hurricane,
But who can flee from the half-breed's hate,
That rises soon and that watches late?"

Then went; and I laughed Jeanne's fears afar,
But I thought that wench was our evil star.
Be sure, when a woman's heart gets hard,
It works up war like a navy yard.

Half-breed and Indian troubles came—
The same old story—land and game;
And Dubois' Men were the first to feel
The bullet-sting and the clip of steel;
And last in battle 'gainst thousands sent,
With Gatling guns for our punishment.
Every cause has its traitor; then
How should it fare with Dubois' Men!
Beaten their cause was, and hunted down,
Like to a moose in the chase full blown,
Panting they stood; and a Judas sold
Their hiding-place for a piece of gold.
And while scouts searched for us night and day
Jeanne telegraphed on at Sturgeon Bay.
Picture her there as she stands alone,
Cold, in the glow of the afternoon;
Picture, I ask you, that patient wife,
Numb with fear for her husband's life,
When a sharp *click-click* awakes her brain
To life, with the needle-points of pain.
A message it was to Camp Pousette—
One that the half-breeds think on yet:
"Dubois' gang are in Rocky Glen,
Take a hundred and fifty men;
Go by the next express," it said,
"Bring them up here, alive or dead!" . . .

"Go by the next express!" and she,
Standing there by the silent key,
Said it over and over again,
Thinking of one of Dubois' Men:
Thinking in anguish, heart and head,
Of him, brought up there alive or dead.
Save him, and perish to save him, yes!
But three hours more, and that next express
Would thunder by her, and she, alas!
Must stand there still and let it pass.
Duty was duty, and hers was clear;
God seemed far off, and no friend near.
But the truest friend and the swiftest horse
Must ride that ride on a breakneck course;
And with truest horse and swiftest friend,
To the fast express was the winning end!
And as if one pang was needed more,
There stood in the doorway, Nell Latore—
Nell Latore, with her mocking face,
Restless eyes, and her evil grace;
Quick to read in the wife's sad eyes,
The deep, strange woe, and the hurt surprise.
Slow she said, with piercing breath,
"Rebel fighter dies rebel death!"
Said, and paused; for she seemed to see
Far through the other's misery,
Something that stilled her; triumph fled
Shamed and fast, as the young wife said—
"He keeps his faith with an oath he swore,
For the half-breed's freedom, Nell Latore;
And, did he lie here, eyes death-dim,

You, if you spoke but truth of him,
Truth, truth only, should stand and say,
'He never wronged me, Jeanne Amray.'"
Then, for a moment, standing there,
Hushed and cold as a dead man's prayer,
Nell Latore, with the woman now,
Scorching the past from her eyes and brow
"Trust me," she said, like an angel-call,
"Tell me his danger, tell me all."

Quick resolve to a quick-told tale—
Nell Latore, to the glistening rail
Fled, and on it a hand-car drew,
Seized the handles, and backward threw
One swift, farewell look, and said,
"You shall have him alive, not dead!"
Ah, well for her that her arms were strong,
And cord and nerve like a knotted thong,
And well for Jeanne in her sharp distress,
That Nell was racing the fast express
Her whole life bent to this one deed,
And, like a soul from its prison freed,
Rising, dilating, reached across
Hills of conquest from plains of loss.
Gorges echoed as she passed by,
Wild fowl rose with a plaintive cry;
On she sped; and the white steel rang—
"Save him—save him for her!" it sang.
Once, a lad at a worn-out mine
Strove to warn her with awe-struck sign—
Turned she neither to left nor right,

Strained till the Rock Hills came in sight;
"But two miles more," to herself she said,
"Then she shall have him alive, not dead!"
The merciful gods that moment heard
Her promise, and helped her to keep her word;
For, when the wheels of the fast express
Slowed through the gates of that wilderness,
Round a headland and far away
Sailed the husband of Jeanne Amray.
While all that hundred-and-fifty then,
Hot on the trail of the Dubois Men,
Knew, as they stood by the pine-girt store,
The girl that had foiled them—Nell Latore.

Slow she moved from among them, turned
Where the sky to the westward burned;
Gazed for a moment, set her hands
Over her brow, so! drew the strands
Loose and rich of her tawny hair,
Once through her fingers, standing there;
Then again to the rail she passed.
One more look to the West she cast,
And into the East she drew away:
Backwards and forwards her brown arms play,
Forwards and backwards, till far and dim,
She grew one with the night's dun rim;
Backwards and forwards, and then, was gone
Into I know not what . . . alone.

She came not back, she may never come;
But a young wife lives in a cabin home,

Who prays each night that, alive or dead,
Come God's own rest for her lonely head:
And I—shall I see her then no more,
My comrade, my old love, Nell Latore?

A LOVER'S DIARY

For His memory and
in Her praise

THE KING—Whence art thou, sir?
Gilfaron— My Lord, I know not well.
Indeed, I am a townsman of the world.
For once my mother told me that she saw
The Angel of the Cross Roads lead me out,
And point to every corner of the sky,
And say, "Thy feet shall follow in the trail
Of every tribe; and thou shalt pitch thy tent
Wherever thou shalt see a human face
Which hath thereon the alphabet of life;
Yea, thou shalt spell it out e'en as a child:
And therein wisdom find."
The King— Art thou wise?
Gilfaron— Only according to the Signs.
The King— What signs?
Gilfaron— The first—the language of the Garden, sire,
When man spoke with the naked searching thought,
Unlacquered of the world.
The King— Speak so forthwith; come, show us to be wise.
Gilfaron— The Angel of the Cross Roads to me said:
"And wisdom comes by looking eye to eye,
Each seeing his own soul as in a glass;
For ye shall find the Lodges of the Wise,
The farthest Camp of the Delightful Fires,
By marching two by two, not one by one."
—The King's Daughter.

THE VISION

As one would stand who saw a sudden light
Flood down the world, and so encompass him
And in that world illumined Seraphim
Brooded above and gladdened to his sight;
So stand I in the flame of one great thought,
That broadens to my soul from where she waits,
Who, yesterday, drew wide the inner gates
Of all my being to the hopes I sought.
Her words come to me like a summer-song,
Blown from the throat of some sweet nightingale;
I stand within her light the whole day long,
And think upon her till the white stars fail:
I lift my head towards all that makes life wise,
And see no farther than my lady's eyes.

ABOVE THE DIN

Silence sits often on me as I touch
Her presence; I am like a bird that hears
A note diviner than it knows, and fears
To share the larger harmony too much.
My soul leaps up, as to a sudden sound
A long-lost traveller, when, by her grace,
I learn of her life's sweetness face to face,
And sweep the chords of sympathies profound.
Her regal nature calmly holds its height
Above life's din, while moving in its maze.
Unworthy thoughts would die within her sight,
And mean deeds creep to darkness from her gaze.
Yet only in my dreams can I set down
The word that gives her nobleness a crown.

LOVE'S COURAGE

Courage have I to face all bitter things,
That start out darkly from the rugged path,
Leading to life's achievement; not God's wrath
Would sit so heavy when my lady sings.
I did not know what life meant till I felt
Her hand clasp mine in compact to the end;
Till her dear voice said, "See, I am your friend!"
And at her feet, amazed, my spirit knelt.
And yet I spoke but hoarsely then my thought,
I groped amid a thousand forces there;
Her understanding all my meaning caught,
It was illumined in her atmosphere.
She read it line by line, and then there fell
The curtain on the shrine—and it is well.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE

Just now a wave of perfume floated up
To greet my senses as I broke the seal
Of her short letter; and I still can feel
It stir me as a saint the holy cup.
The missive lies there,—but a few plain words:
A thought about a song, a note of praise,
And social duties such as fill the days
Of women; then a thing that undergirds
The phrases like a psalm: a line that reads—
"I wish that you were coming!" Why, it lies
Upon my heart like blossoms on the skies,
Like breath of balm upon the clover meads.
The perfumed words soothe me into a dream;
My thoughts float to her on the scented stream.

ASPIRATION

None ever climbed to mountain heights of song,
But felt the touch of some good woman's palm;
None ever reached God's altitude of calm,
But heard one voice cry, "Follow!" from the throng.
I would not place her as an image high
Above my reach, cold, in some dim recess,
Where never she should feel a warm caress
Of this my hand that serves her till I die.
I would not set her higher than my heart,—
Though she is nobler than I e'er can be;
Because she placed me from the crowd apart,
And with her tenderness she honoured me.
Because of this, I hold me worthier
To be her kinsman, while I worship her.

THE MEETING

O MARVEL of our nature, that one life
Strikes through the thousand lives that fold it round,
To find another, even as a sound
Sweeps to a song through elemental strife!
Through cycles infinite the forces wait,
Which destiny has set for union here;
No circumstance can warp them from their sphere;
They meet sometime; and this is God and Fate.
And God is Law, and Fate is Law in use,
And we are acted on by some deep cause,
Which sanctifies "I will" and "I refuse,"
When Love speaks—Love, the peaceful end of Laws.
And I, from many conflicts over-past,
Find here Love, Law, and God, at last.

THE NEST

High as the eagle builds his lonely nest
Above the sea, above the paths of man,
And makes the elements his barbican,
That none may break the mother-eagle's rest;
So build I far above all human eyes
My nest of love; Heaven's face alone bends down
To give it sunlight, starlight; while is blown
A wind upon it out of Paradise.
None shall affright, no harm may come to her,
Whom I have set there in that lofty home:
Love's eye is sleepless; I could feel the stir
E'en of God's cohorts, if they chanced to come.
I am her shield; I would that I might prove
How dear I hold the lady of my love.

WHEN thou makest a voyage to the stars, go thou blindfolded; and carry not a sword, but the sandals of thy youth.

—Egyptian Proverb.

SEEK thou the Angel of the Cross Roads ere thou goest upon a journey, and she will give thee wisdom at the Four Corners.

—Egyptian Proverb.

PISGAH

Behold, now, I have touched the highest point
In my existence. When I turn my eyes
Backward to scan my outlived agonies,
I feel God's finger touch me, to anoint
With this sweet Present the ungenerous Past,
With love the wounds that struck stark in my soul;
With hope life's aching restlessness and dole;
To show me place to anchor in at last.
Like to a mother bending o'er the bed
Where sleeps, death-silent, one that left her side
Ere he had reached the flow of manhood's tide,
So stood I by my life whence Life had fled.
But Life came back at Love's clear trumpet-call,
And at Love's feet I cast the useless pall.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

It is enough that in this burdened time
The soul sees all its purposes aright.
The rest—what does it matter? Soon the night
Will come to whelm us, then the morning chime.
What does it matter, if but in the way
One hand clasps ours, one heart believes us true;
One understands the work we try to do,
And strives through Love to teach us what to say?
Between me and the chilly outer air
Which blows in from the world, there standeth one
Who draws Love's curtains closely everywhere,
As God folds down the banners of the sun.
Warm is my place about me, and above
Where was the raven, I behold the dove.

AT THE PLAY

I FELT her fan my shoulder touch to-night.
Soft act, faint touch, no meaning did it bear
To any save myself, who felt the air
Of a new feeling cross my soul's clear sight.
To me what matter that the players played!
They grew upon the instant like the toys
Which dance before the sight of idle boys;
I could not hear the laughter that they made.
Swept was I on that breath her hand had drawn,
Through the dull air, into a mountain-space,
Where shafts of the bright sun-god interlace,
Making the promise of a golden dawn.
And straightway crying, "O my heart, rejoice!"
It found its music in my lady's voice.

SO CALM THE WORLD

Far up the sky the sunset glamour spreads,
Far off the city lies in golden mist;
The sea grows calm, the waves the sun has kissed
Strike white hands softly 'gainst the rocky heads.
So calm the world, so still the city lies,
So warm the haze that spreads o'er everything;
And yet where, there, Peace sits as Lord and King,
Havoc will reign when next the sun shall rise.
The wheels pause only for a little space,
And in the pause they gather strength again.
'Tis but the veil drawn over Labour's face,
O'er strife, derision, and the sin of men.
My heart with a sweet inner joy o'erflows
To nature's peace, and a kind silence knows.

THE WELCOME

But see: my lady comes. I hear her feet
Upon the sward; she standeth by my side.
Just such a face Raphael had deified,
If in his day they two had chanced to meet.
And I, tossed by the tide of circumstance,
Lifting weak hands against a host of swords,
Paused suddenly to hear her gentle words
Making powerless the lightnings of mischance.
I, who was but a maker of poor songs,
That one might sing behind his prison bars,
I, who it seemed fate singled out for wrongs—
She smiled on me as smile the nearest stars.
From her deep soul I draw my peace, and thus,
One wreath of rhyme I weave for both of us.

THE SHRINE

Were I but as the master souls who move
In their high place, immortal on the earth,
My song might be a thing to crown her worth,—
'Tis but a pathway for the feet of Love.
But since she walks where I am fain to sing,
Since she has said, "I listen, O my friend!"
There is a glory lent the song I send,
And I am proud, yes, prouder than a king.
I grow to nobler use beneath her eyes—
Eyes that smile on me so serenely, will
They smile a welcome though my best hope dies,
And greet me at the summit of the hill?
Will she, for whom my heart has built a shrine,
Take from me all that makes this world divine?

THE TORCH

Art's use what is it but to touch the springs
Of nature? But to hold a torch up for
Humanity in Life's large corridor,
To guide the feet of peasants and of kings!
What is it but to carry union through
Thoughts alien to thoughts kindred, and to merge
The lines of colour that should not diverge,
And give the sun a window to shine through!
What is it but to make the world have heed
For what its dull eyes else would hardly scan,
To draw in a stark light a shameless deed,
And show the fashion of a kingly man!
To cherish honour, and to smite all shame,
To lend hearts voices, and give thoughts a name!

IN ARMOUR

But wherein shall Art work? Shall beauty lead
It captive, and set kisses on its mouth?
Shall it be strained unto the breast of youth,
And in a garden live where grows no weed?
Shall it, in dalliance with the flaunting world,
Play but soft airs, sing but sweet-tempered songs?
Veer lightly from the stress of all great wrongs,
And lisp of peace 'mid battle-flags unfurled?
Shall it but pluck the sleeve of wantonness,
And gently chide the folly of our time?
But wave its golden wand at sin's duress,
And say, "Ah me! ah me!" to fallow crime?
Nay, Art serves Truth, and Truth with Titan blows,
Strikes fearless at all evil that it knows.

IN THEE MY ART

In thee is all my art; from thee I draw
The substance of my dreams, the waking plan
Of practised thought; I can no measure scan,
But thou work'st in me like eternal law.
If I were rich in goodly title deeds
Of broad estate, won from posterity;
If from decaying Time I snatched a see
Richer than prelates pray for with their beads;
If some should bring before me frankincense,
And make a pleasant fire to greet mine eyes;
If there were given me for recompense
Gifts fairer than a seraph could devise:
I would, my sovereign, kneel to thee and say,
"It all is thine; thou showedst me the way."

DENIAL

But is it so that I must never kiss
Thee on the brow, or smooth thy silken hair?
Never close down thine eyelids with Love's prayer,
Or fold my arms about my new-found bliss?
Must I unto the courses of my age
Worship afar, lest haply I profane
The temple that is now my holy fane,
For which my song is given as a gage?
Shall I who cry to all, "Come not within
The bounds where I my lady have enshrined;
I am her cavalier";—shall I not win
One dear caress, the rich exchequer find
Of thy soft cheek? If thou command, my lips
Shall find surcease but at thy fingertips.

TESTAMENT

Why do I love thee? Shall my answer run:
Because that thou hast beauty, noble place,
Because of some sweet glamour in thy face,
And eyes that shame the clear light of the sun?
Shall I exclaim upon thy snow-white hands,
Challenge the world to show a gentler mien,
Call down the seraphs to attest, the sheen
Upon thy brow is borrowed from their lands?
Shall I trace out a map of all thy worth,
Parcel thy virtues, say, "For this and this
I learned to love her; here new charms had birth;
I in this territory caught a bliss"?
Shall I make inventory of thy grace,
And crowd the total into common space?

CAPTIVITY

Nay, lady, though I love thee, I make pause
Before thy question, and know naught to say;
Art cannot teach me to define the way,
Love led me, nor e'en register Love's cause.
It can but blazon in this verse of mine
What love does for me; what from Love it gains;
What is its quickening; but it refrains
From divination where thy merits shine.
Canst thou, indeed, not tell what wrought in thee
To bring me as a captive to thy feet?
Canst thou not say, "'Twas this that made decree
Of conquest; here thy soul with mine did meet?"
Or is it that both stand amazed before
The shrine where thou hast blessed and I adore?

O MYSTIC WINGS

O MYSTIC wings, upbear me lightly now,
Beyond life's faithful labour to a seat
Where I can feel the end of things complete,
Where no hot breath of ill can scorch the brow.
O mystic wings of Art, about thee Truth
Makes atmosphere of purity and power;
'Tis man's breath kills the spring's soft-petaled flower—
Ye give a refuge for the heart of youth.
Ye give a value for all loss in age,
When feebled eyes search for forgotten springs;
Ye fan the breeze that turns the moulded page,
And carry back the soul to ardent things.
Poor payment can I give, but here engage
I thee to be Love's airy equipage.

WAS IT THY FACE?

Was it thy face I saw when, as a child,
Night after night I watched one quiet star
Shine 'tween my curtain and the window-bar
Until I slept, and made my sleep more mild?
Was it thy influence outreaching then
To me, o'er untrod years, o'er varying days,
To give me courage, as from phase to phase
Of youth's desires I passed to deeds of men?
Was it because the star was hid awhile,
That I in blindness wandered from my path;
That I wooed Folly with her mumming smile,
And sought for Lethe in a cup of wrath?
Another hand touched mine with sadness there,
And saved me till I saw thy face appear.

A WOMAN'S HAND

A WOMAN'S hand. Lo, I am thankful now
That with its touch I have walked all my days;
Rising from fateful and forbidden ways,
To find a woman's hand upon my brow;
Soft as a pad of rose-leaves, and as pure
As upraised palms of angels, seen in dreams:
And soothed by it, to stand as it beseems
A man who strives to conquer and endure.
A woman's hand!—there is no better thing
Of all things human; it is half divine;
It hath been more to this lame life of mine,
When faith was weakness, and despair was king.
Man more than all men, Thou wast glad to bless
A woman's sacrifice and tenderness.

ONE FACE I SEE

One face I see by thine whene'er I hold
Converse with things that are or things that were;
Whene'er I seek life's hidden folds to stir,
And watch the inner to the outer rolled.
Dost thou not know *her*, O beloved one?
Hast thou not felt her sunshine on thy face?
In me hast thou not learned some signs to trace
Of that dear soul who calleth me her son?
Such as I was that in thy countenance
Found favour, from her it was gathered most.
To my mad youth her gentle surveillance
Was like a watch-fire on a rock-bound coast.
She drew about me motherhood, and thou
Hast with Love's holy chrism touched my brow.

MOTHER

She gave me courage when I weakly said,
"O see how drifting, derelict, am I!
The tide runs counter, and the wind is high;
I see no channel through the rocks ahead.
My arm is impotent; what worth to trim
The bending sails! Look, I shall quaff a cup
To Fate, while the wild ocean swallows up
The shipwrecked youth, the man who lives in him."
She said: "But thou hast valour, dear, too much
For such as this; thou hast grave embassy,
Given with thy birth; would'st thou thine honour smutch
With coward failing? Dear son, breast the sea."
Firm-purposed from that hour, through wind and wave,
I brought my message till thou shelter gave.

WHEN FIRST I SAW THEE

When first I saw thee, lady, straightway came
The thought that somehow, somewhere, destiny,
Through blinding paths of happiness or blame,
Would bend my way of life, my soul to thee.
But then I put it from me: was not I
A wanderer? To-morrow I should be
In other lands—beside another sea;—
Nay, you were but a star-gleam in my sky.
And so I came not in your sight awhile,
You gave no thought, and I passed not away;
But like some traveller in a deep defile
I walked in darkness even through the day:
Until at last the hands of Circumstance
Pointed the hour that waked me from my trance.

THE FATES LAUGH

I DID not will this thing. I set my face
Towards duty and my art; I was alone.
How knew I thou shouldst roll away the stone
From hopes long buried, by thy tender grace?
What does it matter that we make resolve?
The Fates laugh at us as they sit and spin;
We cannot tell what Good is, or what Sin,
Or why old faiths in mist of pain dissolve.
We only can stand watchful in the way,
Waiting with patient hands on shield and sword,
Ready to meet disaster in the fray,
Till Time has struck the letters of one word—
Word of such high-born worth: triumphant Love,
Give me thy canopy where'er I rove.

AS ONE WHO WAITETH

As one who waiteth for the signet ring
Of his dear sovereign, that his embassy
May have clear passport over land and sea,
And make the subject sacred as his king;
As waits the warrior for a pontiff's palm,
Upraised in blessing o'er his high emprise;
And bows his mailèd forehead prayerful-wise,
Sinking his turbulency in deep calm:
So waited I for one seal to be set
Upon my full commission, for a sign
That should make impotent man's "I forget,"
And make God's "I remember" more divine:
Which should command at need the homage of
The armèd squadrons of all loyal love.

THE SEALING

But yestermorn my marshalled hopes were held
Upon the verge of august pilgrimage;
To-day I am as birds that leave the cage
To seek green fastnesses they knew of eld;
To-day I am as one who hides his face
Within his golden beaver, and whose hand
Clenches with pride his tried and conquering brand,
Ay, as a hunter mounted for the chase.
For, see: upon my lips I carry now
A touch that speaks reveille to my soul;
I have a dispensation large enow
To enfold the world and circumscribe each pole.
Slow let me speak it: From her lips and brow
I took the gifts she only could endow.

THE PLEDGE

O GIFTS divine as any ever knew
The noble spirits of an antique time;
As any poets fashion in their rhyme,
Or angels whisper down the shadeless blue!
The priceless gifts of holy confidence,
That speak through quivering lips from heart to heart;
That unto life new energies impart,
And open up the gates of prescience.
O dear my love, I unto thee have given
Pledge that I am thy vassal evermore;
I stand within the zenith of my Heaven,
On either hand a starred eternal shore
I have come nearer to thy greater worth,
For thou hast raised me from the common earth.

LOVE'S TRIBUTARIES

I CAN say now, "There was the confluence
Of all Love's tributaries; there the sea
Of Love spread out towards eternity;
And there my coarser touched her finer sense.
Poor though I am in my own sight, I know
That thou hast winnowed, sweet, what best I am;
Upon my restlessness thy ample calm
Hath fallen as on frost-bound earth the snow.
It hideth the harsh furrows that the wheels
Of heavy trials made in Life's champaign;
Upon its pure unfolding sunshine steals,
And there is promise of the spring again.
Here make I proclamation of my faith,
And poise my fealty o'er the head of Death."

THE CHOICE

If Death should come to me to-night, and say:
"I weigh thy destiny; behold, I give
One little day with this thy love to live,
Then, my embrace; or, leave her for alway,
And thou shalt walk a full array of years;
Upon thee shall the world's large honours fall,
And praises clamorous shall make for all
Thy strivings rich amends." If in my ears
Thou saidst, "I love thee!" I would straightway cry,
"A thousand years upon this barren earth
Is death without her: for that day I die,
And count my life for it of poorest worth."
Love's reckoning is too noble to be told
By Time's slow fingers on its sands of gold.

RECOGNITION

As in a foreign land one threads his way
'Mid alien scenes, knowing no face he meets;
And, hearing his name spoken, turns and greets
With wondering joy a friend of other days;
As in the pause that comes between the sound
And recognition, all the finer sense
Is swathed in a melodious eloquence,
Which makes his name seem in its sweetness drowned:
So stood I, by an atmosphere beguiled
Of glad surprise, when first thy lips let fall
The name I lightly carried when a child,
That I shall rise to at the judgment call.
The music of thy nature folded round
Its barrenness a majesty of sound.

THE WAY OF DREAMS

Since I rose out of child-oblivion
I have walked in a world of many dreams,
And noble souls beside the shining streams
Of fancy have with beckonings led me on.
Their faces oft, mayhap, I could not see,
Only their waving hands and noble forms.
Sometimes there sprang between quick-gathered storms,
But always they came back again to me.
Women with smiling eyes and star-spun hair
Spake gentle things, bade me look back to view
The deeds of the great souls who climbed the stair
Immortal, and for whom God's manna grew:
Dante, Anacreon, Euripides,
And all who set rich wine upon the lees.

THE ACCOLADE

Men of brave stature came and placed their hands
Upon my head, and, lifting shining swords,
Drew through the air signs mightier than words,
And vanished in the sun upon the sands.
Glimpses I caught of faces that have come
Through crowding ages; whisperings of songs;
And prayers for the redress of human wrongs
From voices that upon the earth are dumb.
They were but shadows, but they lent me joy;
They gave me reverence for all who pace
The world with hands raised, evil to destroy,
Who live but for the honour of their race.
They taught me to strike at no idol raised,
Worshipped a space, then left to be dispraised.

FALLEN IDOLS

Stedfastness, shall we find it, then, at all?
Is it that as the winds blow north and south,
So must be praises from the loud world's mouth,
Which on its heroes in their glory fall?
Because the voice grows stiller, or the arm
No longer can beat evils back; because
The shoulders sink beneath new-rising cause,
And the fine thought has lost its moving charm;
Because of these shall puny sages shake
Their heads, and haste to mock the failing one,
Who in his strength could make the nations quake;
Prophet like Daniel, King like Solomon!
In this full time we have seen mockers run
About the throne of such as Tennyson.

TENNYSON

Who saith thy hand is weak, King Tennyson?
Who crieth, See, the monarch is grown old,
His sceptre falls? Oh, carpers rude and bold,
You who have fed upon the gracious benison
Scattered unstinted by him, do you now
Dispraise the sweet-strung harp, grown tremulous
'Neath fingers overworn for all of us?
You cannot tear the laurels from his brow.
He lives above your idle vaunts and fears,
Enthronèd where all master souls stand up
In their high place, and fill the golden cup,
God-blest for kings, with wine of endless years,
And greet him one with them. O brotherhood
Of envious dullards, ye are wroth with good.

THE ANOINTED ONES

Why, let them rail! God's full anointed ones
Have heard the world exclaim, "We know you not."
They who by their souls' travailing have brought
Us nearer to the wonder of the suns.
Yet, who can stay the passage of the stars?
Who can prevail against the thunder-sound?
The wire that flashes lightning to the ground
Diverts, but not its potency debars.
So, men may strike quick stabs at Cæsar's worth,—
They only make his life an endless force,
'Scaped from its penthouse, flashing through the earth,
And 'whelming those who railed about his corse.
Men's moods disturb not those born truly great:
They know their end; they can afford to wait.

DREAMS

And so life passed. I lived from year to year
With shadows, the strong warders of desire;
I learned through them to seek the golden fire
That hides itself in Song's bright hemisphere.
Through them I grew full of imaginings,
I made strange pictures, conjured images
From my deep longings; wrote the passages
Of life inwrought with half-glad wonderings.
For who can know a majesty of peace,
That wanders, ever waiting for a voice
To say to him, "Behold, at last surcease
Of thy unrest has come, therefore, rejoice"?
Here set I down some dreams that come again,
Almost forgotten in my higher gain.

THE BRIDE

A SHIP at sea; a port to anchor in;
Not far a starry light upon the shore.
The sheeted lightning, like a golden door,
Swings to and fro to let earth-angels in.
Most bravely has she sailed o'er every sea,
Withstood the storm-rack, spurned the sullen reef;
Cherished her strength; and held her guerdon fief
To him who saith, "My ship comes back to me!
Behold, I sent her forth a stately thing,
To be my messenger to farthest lands,
To Fortunate Isles, and where the silver sands
Girdle a summer sea; that she might bring
My bride, who wist not that I loved her so—
This is no bitter day for me, I trow!"

THE WRAITH

A SHIP *in port; well-crossed the harbour-bar;*
The hawser swung, the grinding helm at rest;
Hands clasping hands, and eyes with eager zest
Seeking the loved, returning from afar.
And he, the master, holding little reck
Of all, save but the idol of his soul,
Seeks not his loving ardour to control.
Mark how he proudly treads the whitened deck!
"My bride, my bride, my lone soul's best beloved,
Come forth, come forth! Where art thou, Isobel?—
Pallid, and wan! Lord, hath it thus befel?
This is but dust; where has the spirit roved?
O death-cold bride! for this, then, have I strove?
O phantom ship, O loveless wraith of Love!"

SURRENDER

A DAY of sunshine in a land of snow,
And a soft-curtained room, where ruddy flakes
Of flame fall free, in liquid light that slakes
The soft desire of one cold, pale face: lo,
Close-pressed sweet lips, and eyes of violet,
That are filled up as with a sudden fear—
A storm's prelude upon the expectant mere.
Yet deep behind what never they forget,
Who ever see in life's chance or mischance.
And he who saw, what could he do but say,
"Fold up the tents; the camp is struck; away!
Vain victor who rides not in rest his lance!"
Beside the hearthstone where the flame-flakes fell,
There lay the cold keys of the citadel.

THE CITADEL

A NIGHT wind-swept and bound about with blee
Of Erebus; all light and cheer within;
White restless hands that falter, then begin
To weave a music-voicèd fantasy.
And life, and death, and love, and weariness,
And unrequital, thrid the maze of sound;
And one voice saith, "Behold, the lost is found!"
And saith not any more for joyfulness.
Out of the night there comes a wanderer,
Who waits upon the threshold, and is still;
And listens, and bows down his head, until
His grief-drawn breath startles the heart of her.
The victor vanquished, at her feet he fell,
A prisoner in his conquered citadel.

MALFEASANCE

Two of one name; they standing where the sun
Makes shadows in the orchard-bloom of spring;
She holding in her palm a jewelled ring,
He speaking on what evil it had done.
"Raise thy pale face and wondrous eyes to mine;
Let not thy poor lips quiver in such pain;
Too young and blindly thou hast drunk the wine
Crushed from the lees of love. Be strong again.
Trail back thy golden hair from thy broad brow,
And raise thy lily neck like some tall tower,
That recks not any strife nor any hour,
So it but holds its height, heeding not how.
The noblest find their way o'er paths of ire
To the clear summit of God's full desire."

ANNUNCIATION

I THINK in that far time when Gabriel came
And gave short speech to Mary sweet and wise,
That when the faint fear faded from her eyes,
And they were filled up with a sudden flame
Of joy bewildering and wonderment;
With reverence the angel in her palm
Laid one white lily, dewy with the balm
Of the Lord's garden; saying: "This is sent
For thine espousal, thou the undefiled;
And it shall bloom till all be consummate."
Lo, then he passed. She, musing where she sate,
Felt all her being moved in manner wondrous mild;
Then, laying 'gainst her bosom the white flower,
She bowed her head, and said, "It is God's dower."

VANISHED DREAMS

Dreams, only dreams. They sprang from loneliness
Of outer life; from innermost desire
To reach the soul that now in golden fire
Of cherished song I pray for and caress.
I wandered through the world with longing gaze,
To find her who was my hope's parallel,
That to her I might all my gospel tell
Of changeless love, and bid her make appraise.
I knew that some day I should look within
The ever-deepening distance of her eyes;
For, in my dreams, from veilèd Seraphim
Came one, as if in answer to my cries:
And passing near me, pointed down the road
That led me at the last to thy abode.

INTO THY LAND

Into thy land of sunlight I have come,
And live within thy presence, as a ray
Of light lives in the brightness of the day;
And find in thee my heaven and my home.
Yet what am I that thou shouldst ope the gate
Of thy most sweet completeness; and should spend
Rich values of thy life on me thy friend,
For which I have no worthy duplicate!
Nay, lady, I no riches have to give;
I have no name of honour, or the pride
Of place, to priv'lege me to sit beside
Thee in thy kingdom, where thy graces live.
Wilt thou not one day whisper, "You have climbed
Beyond your merits; pray you, fall behind"?

"THEY 'RE parted, then—what cause?"
"A cause of blood, my lord, a father's feud."
"When was the thing disclosed?"
"But yesterday."
"Mad yesterday! And is all ended then?"
"Ended, my lord!—The flame burns brighter still."

—The King's Daughter.

"THAT was the lesser cause."
"Later it 'fel?"
"Later. Their love sailed on despite the feud;
And then this other—why, so small a thing!"
"Poor fools!"

—The King's Daughter.

WISH thy friend joy of his journey, but pray in secret that he have no joy, for then may he return quickly to thee.

—Egyptian Proverb.

DIVIDED

Divided by no act of thine or mine,
Forever parted by a fatal deed,
A fatal feud. Alas! when fathers bleed,
The children shall fulfil the wild design.
A Montague hath killed a Capulet,
A Capulet hath slain a Montague,—
Twin graves, twin sorrows, and oh, mad to-do
Of vengeance! oh, dread entail of regret!
There lie they in their dark, self-chosen graves,
And from them cries Hate's everlasting ghost,—
"Blood hath been shed, and Love and ye are slaves,
Time wrecks, and freedom drifts upon life's coast."
Yet not for us the relish of that doom
Which found a throne upon a Juliet's tomb.

WE MUST LIVE ON

We must live on; a deeper tragedy:
To see, to touch, to know, and to desire;
To feel in every vein the glorious fire
Of Eden, and to cry, "Oh, to be free!"
To cry, "Oh, wipe the gloomy stain away,
Thou who first raised the sword, Who gave the hilt
Into the hand of man. This blood they spilt—
Our fathers—oh, blot out the bitter day!
Erase the hour from out Thy calendar,
Turn back the hands upon the clock of Time,
Oh, Artificer of destroying War—
Their righteous hate who bore us in our crime!"
"*Upon the children!*"—'Tis the cold reply
Of Him who makes to those who must not die.

YET LIFE IS SWEET

Yet life is sweet. Thy soul hath breathed along,
Thine eyes have cast their glory on the earth,
Thy foot hath touched it, and thine hour of birth
Didst give a new pulse to the veins of song.
Better to stand amid the toppling towers
Of every valiant hope; a Samson's dream,
Than the deep indolence of Lethe's stream,
The loneliness of slow submerging hours.
Better, oh, better thus to see the wreck,
And to have rocked to motion of the spheres;
Better, oh, better to have trod the deck
Of hope, and sailed the unmanageable years—
Ay, better to have paid the price, and known,
Than never felt this tyrannous Alone!

LOST FOOTSTEPS

Upon the disc of Love's bright planet fell
A darkness yestereve, and from your lips
I heard cold words; then came a swift eclipse
Of joy at meeting on hope's it-is-well.
And if I spoke with sadness and with fear;
If from your gentle coldness I drew back,
And felt that I had lost the flowery track
That led to peace in Love's sweet atmosphere:
It was because a woful dread possessed.
My aching heart—the dread some evil star
Had crossed the warm affection in your breast,
Had bade me stand apart from where you are.
The world seemed breaking on my life; I heard
The crash of sorrows in that chiding word.

THE CLOSED DOOR

It is not so, and so for evermore,
That thou and I must live our lives apart;
I with a patient smother at my heart,
And thy hand resting on a closèd door?.
What couldst thou ever ask me that I should
Not bend me to achieve thy high behest?
What cannot men achieve with lance in rest
Who carry noble valour in their blood?
And some nobility of high emprise,
Lady, couldst thou make possible in me;
If living 'neath the pureness of thy eyes,
I found the key to inner majesty;
And reaching outward, heart-strong, from thy hand,
Set here and there a beacon in the land.

THE CHALICE

Not by my power alone, but thou and I
Together thinking, working, loving on
Achievement-wards, as all brave souls have gone,
Perchance should find new star-drifts in the sky
That curves above humanity, and set
Some new interpretation on life's page;
Should serve the strivings of a widening age,
And fashion wisdom from the social fret.
Deep did Time's lances go; thou pluck'st them forth,
And on my sullen woundings laid the balm
Of thy life's sweetness. Oh, let my love be worth
The keeping. My head beneath thy palm,
Once more I lift Love's chalice to thine eyes:
Not till thou blessest me will I arise.

MIO DESTINO

HERE, making count, at every step I see
Something in her, like to a hidden thought
Within my life, that long time I had sought,
But never found till her soul spoke to me.
And if she said a thousand times, "I did
Not call thee, thou cam'st seeking; not my voice
Was it thou heard'st; thy love was not my choice!"
I should straightway reply, "That of thee hid,
Even from thyself, lest it should startle thee,
Hath called me, made me slave and king in one;
And when the mists of Time shall rise, and we
Stand forth, it shall be said, Since Time begun
Ye two were called as one from that high hill,
Where the creating Master hath His will."

I HAVE BEHELD

I HAVE beheld a multitude stand still
In such deep silence that a sudden pain
Struck through the heart in sharing the tense strain,
And all the world seemed bounded by one will.
But when precipitated on the sea
Of human feeling was the incident
That caught their wonder; then the skies were rent
With quivering sound, with passion's liberty.
So have I stood before this parting day,
With chilly fingers pressed upon my breast,
That my heart burst not fleshen bands away,
And my sharp cry break through my lady's rest.
I have shut burning eyelids on the sight
Of this dread time that scorches my sad night.

TOO SOON AWAY

Have I then found thee but to lose thee, friend?
But touched thee ere thou vanished from my gaze?
And when my soul is struggling from the maze
Of many conflicts, must our converse end?
Across the empty space that now shall spread
Between us, shall I never go to thee?
Or thou, belovèd, never come to me,
Save but to whisper prayers above the dead?
Ah, cruel thought! Shall not Hope's convoy bear
To thee the reinforcements of my love?
Shall I not on thy white hand drop a tear
Of crownèd joy, one day, where thou dost move
In thy place regally; even as now
I place my farewell token on thy brow?

THE TREASURE

And now when from the shore goes out the ship
Wherein is set the treasure that I hold
Closer than miser all his hidden gold,
Dearer than wine Zeus carried to his lip;
My aching heart cries from its pent-up pain,—
"O Love, O Life, O more than life to me,
How can I live without the surety
Of thy sweet presence till we meet again!"
So like a wounded deer I came to thee,
The arrow of mischance piercing my side;
And through thy sorrow-healing ministry
I rose with strength, like giants in their pride.
But now—but now—how shall I stand alone,
Knowing the light, the hope of me is gone?

DAHIN

O BROW, so fronted with a stately calm,
O full completeness of true womanhood,
O counsel, pleader for all highest good,
Thou hast upon my sorrow poured thy balm!
Poor soldier he who did not raise his sword,
And, touching with his lips the hilt-cross, swear
In war or peace the livery to wear
Of one that blessed him with her queenly word.
Most base crusader, who at night and morn
Crying *Dahin*, thought not of her again
From whose sweet power was his knighthood born,
For whom he quells the valiant Saracen.
Shall I not, then, in the tumultuous place
Of my life's warfare ever seek thy face?

LOVE'S USURY

HERE count I over all the gentle deeds
Which thou hast done; here summon I thy words,
Sweeter to me than sweetest song of birds;
That came like grace immortal to my needs.
Love's usury has reckoned such a sum
Of my indebtedness, that I can make
No lien large enough to overtake
Its value—and before it I am dumb!
Yet, O my gracious, most kind creditor,
I would not owe to thee one item less:
We cannot give the sun requital for
Its liberal light; our office is to bless.
If blessings could be compassed by my prayer,
High heaven should set star-gems in thy hair.

THE DECREE

Last night I saw the warm white Southern moon
Sail upward through a smoky amber sea;
Orion stood in silver majesty
Where the gold-girdled sun takes rest at noon.
I slept; I dreamed. Against a sunset sky
I saw thee stand all garmented in white;
With hand stretched to me, and there in thy sight
I went to meet thee; but I heard thee cry:
"We stand apart as sun from shining sun;
Thou hast thy place; there rolleth far and near
A sea between; until life's all be done
Thou canst not come, nor I go to thee, dear."
Methought I bowed my head to thy decree,
And donned the mantle of my misery.

'TIS MORNING NOW

'Tis morning now, and dreams and fears are gone,
And sleep has calmed the fever in my veins,
And I am strong to drink the cup that drains
The last drop through my lips, and make no moan.
Strength I have borrowed from the outward show
Of spiritual puissance thou dost wear.
Shall I not thy high domination share
Over the shock of feeling? Shall I grow
More fearful than the soldier, when between
The smoke of hostile cannon lies his way;
To carry far the colours of his queen,
While her bright eyes behold him in the fray?
Here do I smile between the warring hosts
Of sad farewells; and reck not what it costs.

SACRIFICE

And O most noble, and yet once again
Most noble spirit, if I ever did
Aught that thy goodness frowns on, be it hid
Forever, and deep-buried. Let the rain
Of coming springs fall on the quiet grave.
Perchance some violets will grow to tell
That I, when uttering this last farewell,
Built up a sacrificial architrave;
That I, who worship thee, have love so great,
To live in the horizon thou may'st set;
To stand but in the shadow of the gate,
Faithful, when coward promptings cry, "Forget."
Ah, lady, when I gave my heart to thee,
It passed into thy lifelong regency.

SHINE ON

Shine on, O sun! Sing on, O birds of song!
And in her light my heart fashions a tune
Not wholly sad, most like a tender rune
Sung by some knight in days gone overlong,
When he with minstrel eyes in Syrian grove
Looked out towards his England, and then drew
From a sweet instrument a sound that grew
From twilight unto morning of his love.
Go, then, beloved, bearing as you go
These songs that have more sunlight far than cloud;
More summer flowers than dead leaves 'neath the snow;
That tell of hopes from which you raised the shroud.
My lady, bright benignant star, shine on—
I lift to thee my low Trisagion!

He that hath pleasant dreams is more fortunate than one who hath a cup-bearer.

—*Egyptian Proverb.*

SO, THOU ART GONE

So, thou art gone; and I am left to wear
Thy memory as a golden amulet
Upon my breast, to sing a chansonnette
Of winter tones, when summer time is here.
And yet, my heart arises from the dark,
Where it fell back in silence when you went
To seaward, and a sprite malevolent
Sat laughing in the white sails of thy barque.
'Twas not moth-wings dashing against the flame,
Burning in love's arcanum; 'twas a cry
Struck from soul-crossing chords, that, separate, frame
Life's holy calm, or wasting agony.
But now between the warring strings there grows
A space of peace, as 'tween truce-honoured foes.

THE THOUSAND THINGS

HERE one by one come back the thousand things
Which made divinely sweet our intercourse;
Love summons them here straightway to divorce
The heart from melancholy wanderings.
"Here laid she her white hand upon my arm;
To this place came she with slow-gliding grace;
Here smiled she up serenely in my face;
And these sweet notes she sang me for a charm."
I treasure up her words, and say them o'er
With close-shut eyes; with her again I float
Upon the Loire; I see the gems she wore,
The ruby shining at her queenly throat;
I climb with her again the Pyrenees,
And hear her laughter ringing through the trees.

THE SEA

I IN my childhood never saw the sea
Save in my dreams. There it was vast and lone,
Splendid in power, breaking against the stone
Walls of the world in thunder symphony.
From it arose mists growing into mists
Making a cool white curtain for the sun,
And melting mornward when the day was done,
A moving sphere where spirits kept their trysts.
A ceaseless swinging with the swinging earth,
A never-tiring ebbing to and fro,
Trenching eternal fastnesses; a girth
Round mountains in their everlasting snow.
It was a vast emotion, fibre-drawn
From all the elements since the first dawn.

THE CHART

Then came in further years the virgin sight
Of the live sea; the sea that marches down,
With sunny phalanxes and flags of foam,
To match its puissance with earth's awful might.
Far off the purple mist drew into mist,
As thought melts into endless thought, and round
The rim of the sheer world was heard a sound,
Floating through palpitating amethyst.
And through the varying waste of elements
There passed a sail, which caught the opposing wind,
Triumphant, as an army in its tents
Beholds the foe it, conquering, left behind.
"And Life," I said,—"Life is but like the sea;
And what shall guide us to our destiny?"

REVEALING

The prescience of dreams struck walls away
From mortal fact, and mortal fact revealed,
With myriad voices, potencies concealed
In the dim birth-place of a coming day.
Even as a blind man's fingers wander o'er
His harpstrings, led by sound to dreams of sound,
Till in his soul an eloquence profound
Rises above the petulance and roar
Of the great globe: as in a rush of song
From feathered throats, one, in a mighty wood,
'Mid sweet interpositions moves along
The avenues of some predestined good;
So I, dream-nurtured, standing by the sea,
Made levy on the wonders that should be.

OVERCOMING

And God is good, I said, and Art is good,
And labour hath its rich reward of sleep;
And recompense will come for all who keep
Dishonour's ill contagion from the blood.
And over us there curves the infinite
Blue heaven as a shield, and at the end
We shall find One who loveth to befriend
E'en those who faint for shame within His sight.
And down the awful passes of the sky
There comes the voice that circumvents the gale;
That makes the avalanche to pass us by,
And saith, "I overcome" to man's "I fail."
"And peradventure now," said I, "the zest
Of all existence waits on His behest."

WHITHER NOW

But man's deliverances intervene
Between the soul's swift speech and God's high will;
That saith to tempests of the thought, "Be still!"
And in life's lazaretto maketh clean
The leprous sense. Ah, who can find his way
Among the many altars? Who can call
Out perfect peace from any ritual,
Or shelter find in systems of a day?
As one sees on some ancient urn, upthrown
From out a tomb, records that none may read
With like interpretation, and the stone
Retains its graven fealty to the dead:
So, on the great palimpsest men have writ
Such lines o'ercrossed that none interprets it.

ARARAT

What marvel that the soul of youth should cry,
"Man builds his temples 'tween me and the face
Of Him whom I would seek; I cannot trace
His purpose in their shadow, nor descry
The wisdom absolute?" What marvel that,
With yearning impotent, ay, impotent
Beyond all measure! his full faith was spent,
And for his soul there rose no Ararat?
Yet out upon the sun-drawn sensate sea
Of elemental pain, there came a word
As if from Him who travelled Galilee,
As fair as any Zion ever heard.
The voice of Love spoke; Love, that writes its name
On Life and Death—and then my lady came.

AS LIGHT LEAPS UP

As light leaps up from star to star, so mounts
Faith from one soul unto another; so
The lower to the higher; till the flow
Of knowledge rises from creation's founts;
Until from human love we come to know
The august presence of the Love Divine;
And feel the light unutterable shine
Upon half-lights that we were wont to show,
Absorbing them. 'Tis Love that beckons us
From low desires, from restlessness and sin,
To heights that else we had not reached; and thus
We find the Heaven we dared not hope to win.
How clearer seem designs immortal when
Our lives are fed on Love's fine regimen

THE DARKENED WAY

"It is no matter;"—thus the noble Dane,
About his heart more ill than one could tell;
Sad augury, that like a funeral bell
Against his soul struck solemn notes of pain.
So 'gainst the deadly smother he could press
With calm his lofty manhood; interpose
Purpose divine, and at the last disclose
For life's great shift a regnant readiness.
To-day I bought some matches in the street
From one whose eyes had long since lost their sight.
Trembling with palsy was he to his feet.
"Father," I said, "how fare you in the night?"
"In body ill, but 'tis no matter, friend,
Strong is my soul to keep me to the end."

DISTRUST not a woman nor a king—it availeth nothing.

—Egyptian Proverb.

WHEN thou journeyest into the shadows, take not sweetmeats with thee, but a seed of corn and a bottle of tears and wine; that thou mayst have a garden in the land whither thou goest.

—Egyptian Proverb.

REUNITED

Once more, once more! That golden eventide!
Golden within, without all cold and grey,
Slowly you came forth from the troubled day,
Singing my heart—you glided to my side;
You glided in; the same grave, quiet face,
The same deep look, the never-ending light
In your proud eyes, eyes shining through the night,
That night of absence—distance—from your place.
Calm words, slow touch of hand, but, oh, the cry,
The long, long cry of passion and of joy
Within my heart; the star-burst in the sky—
The world—our world—which time may not destroy!
Your world and mine, unutterably sweet:
Dearest, once more, the old song at thy feet.

SONG WAS GONE FROM ME

DEAREST, once more! This I could tell and tell
Till life turned drowsy with the ceaseless note;
Dearest, once more! The words throb in my throat,
My heart beats to them like a muffled bell.
Change—Time and Change! O Change and Time, you come
Not knocking at my door, knowing me gone;
Here have I dwelt within my heart alone,
Watching and waiting, while my muse was dumb
Song was gone from me—sweet, I could not sing,
Save as men sing upon the lonely hills;
Under my hand the old chord ceased to ring,
Hushed by the grinding of the high gods' mills.
Dearest, once more. Those mad mills had their way—
Now is mine hour. To every man his day.

GOOD WAS THE FIGHT

How have I toiled, how have I set my face
Fair to the swords! No man could say I quailed;
Ne'er did I falter; I dare not to have failed,
I dare not to have dropped from out the race.
Good was the fight—good, till a piteous dream
Crept from some direful covert of despair;
Showed me your look, that look so true and fair,
Distant and bleak; for me no more to gleam.
Then was I driven back upon my soul,
Then came dark moments; lady, then I drew
Forth from its place the round unfathomed bowl
Of sorrow, and from it I quaffed to you;
Speaking as men speak who have lost
Their hearts' last prize—and dare not count the
cost.

UNCHANGED

But you are here unchanged. You say not so
In words, but when you placed your hands in mine;
But when I saw the same old glory shine
Within your eyes, I read it; and I know.
And when those hands ran up along my arm,
And rested on my shoulder for a space,
A sacred inquisition in your face,
To read my heart,—how could I doubt that charm,
That truth ineffable!—I set my soul
In hazard to a farthing, that you kept
The faith, with pride unspeakable, the whole
Course of those years in which communion slept.
Your soul flamed in your look; you read; I knew
How little worth was I, how heavenly you.

ABSOLVO TE

I READ your truth. You read—What did you read?
Did you read all, and, reading all, forgive?
How I—O little dwarf of conscience sieve
My soul; bare all before her bare indeed!
And, looking on the remnant and the waste,
Can you absolve me,—me, the doubter, one
Who challenged what God spent His genius on,
His genius and His pride; so fair, so chaste?
I am ashamed. . . . And when I told my dreams,
Shaken and humble,—"Dear, there was no cause,"
Your words; proud, sorrowful, as it beseems
Such as thou art. There never was a cause
Why you should honour me. Ashamed am I.
And you forgive me, bless me, for reply.

BENEDICTUS

You bless me, then you turn away your head—
"Never again, dear. I have blessed you so,
My lips upon your lips; between must flow
The river—Oh the river!" Thus you said.
The river—Oh the river, and the sun;
Stream that we may not cross, sun that is joy:
Flow as thou must; shine on in full employ—
Shine through her eyes thou; let the river run.
O lady, to your liegeman speak. You say:
"Dream no more dreams; yourself be as am I."
Your hands clasped to your face, so shutting out
the day
An instant, then to me. your low good-bye—
Good-night, good-bye; and then the social reign,
The lights, the songs, the flowers—and the pain.

THE MESSAGE

"Oh, hush!" you said; "oh, hush!" The twilight hung
Between us and the world; but in your face,
Flooding with warm inner light, the sovereign grace
Of one who rests the brooding trees among—
Of one who steps down from a lofty throne,
Seeking that peace the sceptre cannot call;
And leaving courtier, page, and seneschal,
Goes down the lane of sycamores alone;
And, going, listens to the notes that swell
From golden throats—stories of ardent days,
And lovers in fair vales; and homing bell:
And the sweet theme unbearable, she prays
The song-bird cease! So, on the tale I dare,
Your "hush!" your wistful "hush!" broke like a prayer.

UNAVAILING

"Never," you said, "never this side the grave,
And what shall come hereafter, who may know?
Whether we e'en shall guess the way we go,
Passing beneath Death's mystic architrave—
Silence or song, dumb sleep or cheerful hours?"
O lady, you have questioned, answer too.
You—you to die—silence and gloom for you:
Dead song, dead lights, dead graces, and dead flowers?
It is not so: the foolish trivial end,
The inconsequent paltry Nothing—gone—gone all;
The genius of the ageless Something spend
Itself within this little earthly wall:
The commonplace conception, that we reap
Reward of drudge and ploughman—idle sleep!

YOU SHALL LIVE ON

You shall live on triumphant, you shall take
Your place among the peerless, fearless ones;
And those who loved you here shall tell their sons
To honour every woman for your sake.
And those your Peers shall say, "Others are pure,
Others are noble, others too have vowed,
And for a vow have suffered; but she bowed
Her own soul and another's to endure.
She smote the being more to her than all,—
Her own soul and the world,—a truth to hold,
Faith with the dead; and hung a heavy pall
'Tween her and love and life. The world is old,
It hath sent here none queenlier. Of the few,
The royal few is she, martyred and true."

"VEX NOT THIS GHOST"

Upon the rack of this tough world I hear,
As when Cordelia's glories all dissever—
"Never—never—never—never—never,—"
That wild moan of the dispossessèd Lear.
O world, vex not this ghost, yea, let it pass,
The Spirit of these songs. The fool hath mocked,
The fool our woe upon us hath unlocked
From where the soul holds to our lips the glass,
To see what breath of life. O fool, poor fool,
Well, we have laughed together, you and I.
O fond insulter, in the healing pool
Of your deep poignant raillery I lie.
Let us be grand again, my fool. The throne
Is gone; but see, the coronation stone!

THE MEMORY

Know you where I, my royal fool, was crowned?
A rock within the great Egean? Where
A strong flood hurrieth on Finistère?
Where at the Pole our valiant men were drowned?
Where the soft creamy wash of Indian seas
Spreads palmward? Where the sunset glides to dawn,
No night between? Where all the tides are drawn
To greet their Sun and bathe their Idol's knees?
Where was I crowned? Dear fool, upon a stone
That standeth where Earth's arches make but one,
Where all the banners of *her* soul were flown,
And trumpeted the legions of the sun.
The stone is left: 'tis here against the door
Of throne and kingdom. . . . Pray you, mock no more.

THE PASSING

A TIME will come when we again shall rail—
Not yet, not yet. The flood comes on apace,
That deep dividing river, and her face
Grows dimmer as it widens—pale, so pale.
Have we not railed and laughed these many days,
Mummers before the lights? Dear fool, your hand
Upon your lips—Oh let us once be grand,
Grand as we were when treading royal ways.
Lo, there she moves beyond the river. Gone—
Gone is the sun—lo, starlight in her eyes.
See, how she standeth silent and alone—
Oh, hush! let us not vex her with our cries.
Proud as of old, unto my throne I go. . . .
Cordelia's gone. . . . "Hush, draw the curtain—
so."

ENVOY

When you and I have played the little hour,
Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death
Yield up his sword; and, smiling, draw the breath,
The first long breath of freedom; when the flower
Of Recompense has fluttered to our feet,
As to an actor's; and the curtain down,
We turn to face each other all alone—
Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,
Alone, and absolute, and free: oh, then,
Oh, then, most dear, how shall be told the tale?
Clasped hands, pressed lips, and so clasped hands
again;
No words. But as the proud wind fills the sail,
My love to yours shall reach, then one deep moan
Of joy; and then our infinite Alone.

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